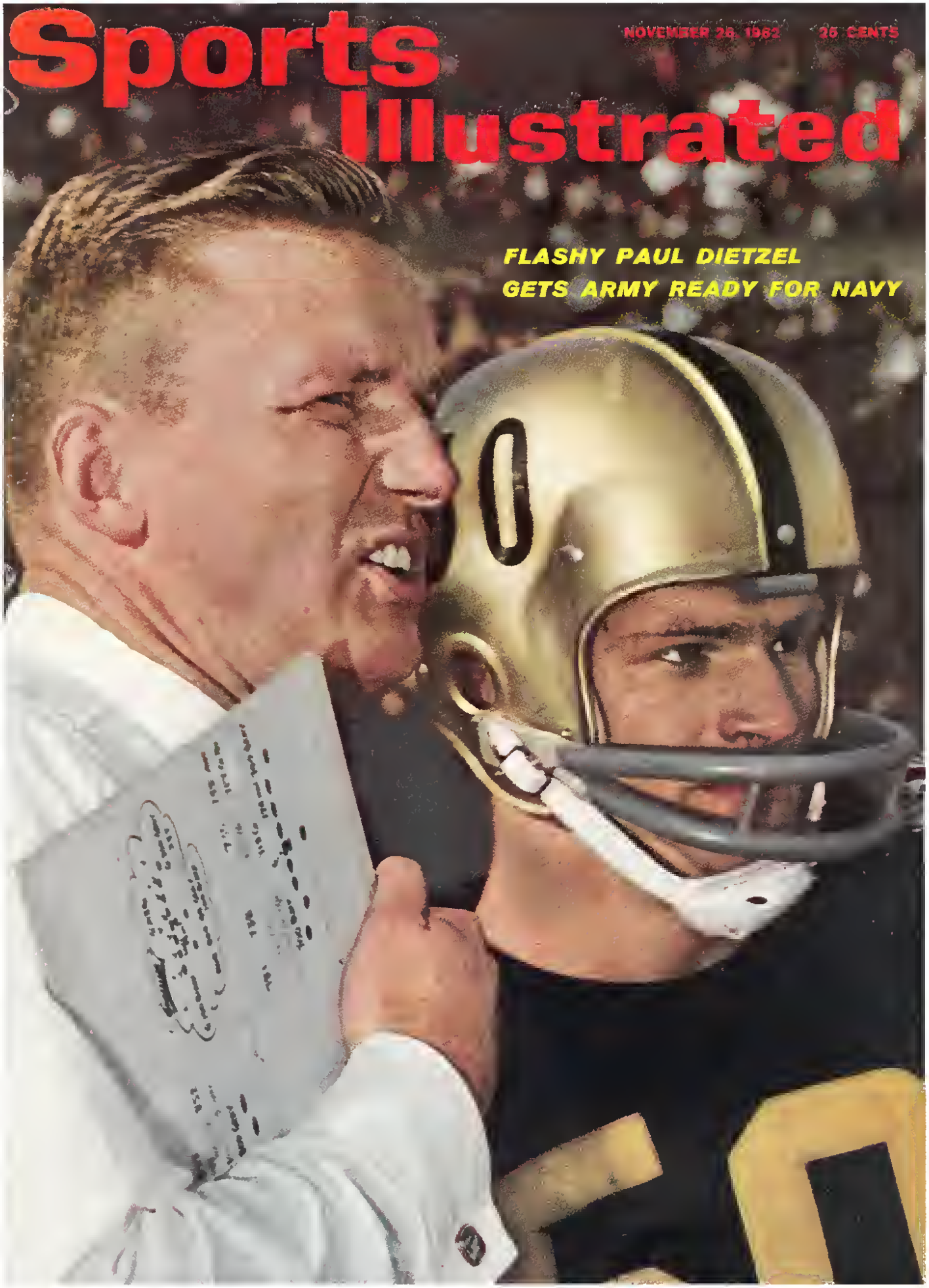

Sports Illustrated
NOVEMBER 26, 1962
25 CENTS
FLASHY PAUL DIETZEL
GETS ARMY READY FOR NAVY


Where in the world does Alpaca come from?
asked our young son, and there followed a ramantic colloquy
the insular attitudes of the Andean llama and how he sheds his fine
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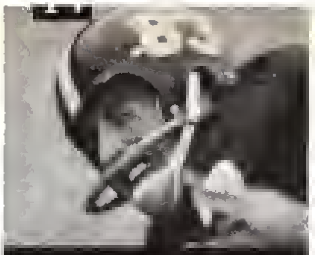
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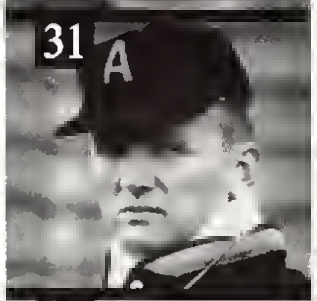
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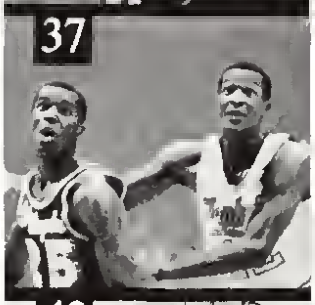
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Next week

U.S. SKI RESORTS are being developed to rival Europe's best. Ezra Bowen writes about four of the finest ones, and a color portfolio captures the wonderland look of the slopes.

FOOTBALL IN COLOR photographs will provide a bonus for fans of the pro game. The occasion will be this week's pivotal clash between the Green Bay Packers and the Detroit Lions.

A SEARCH FOR GIANTS has obsessed Cape Cod's Charlie Mayo for the past 30 years. His quarry is the bluefin tuna, and Roy Terrell will report on both his triumphs and his defeats.

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SHOPWALK

Children's winter clothes for outdoor play are modeled after the best adult ski wear

Children this winter will be turning out for fun in the snow in clothes that are scaled-down versions of the best adult ski garb. Both ski wear and snow suit manufacturers are now making quilted nylon parkas and sleek-fitting stretch pants in sizes 4–16. Children's reversible sweaters, protective helmets, goggles and gloves all have FIS authenticity. Even the nonskier will look like a pro with new laced rubber galoshes made to resemble ski boots. Whether a kid is a slalomer in Vermont or a snowball battler in Central Park, he can forsake the bulky snow suit for the sleek look of the ski racer.





The young man schussing down a trail (above left) *now looks the part he's trying to play. His heavy, trim, reversible wool sweater is green and yellow and is made in Austria by Meister. It costs $15. The gold stretch pants by Bogner (58% wool for warmth and 42% nylon stretch for growing) have two-inch green stripes down the sides ($24). The helmeted youngster* (above) *is wearing a reversible black and light-blue diamond-quilted nylon parka with a concealed hood, by Sportcaster ($16). His blue Bogner stretch pants cost $23. All of the clothes are available at the Scandinavian Shop, New York City.*

Fur parkas also are cut with the same dash as their grown-up counterparts. The one on the left is made by Jules Andre of lightweight baronduki fur with lynx trimming ($65 plus federal tax). The box-quilted nylon parka has a hood bordered in natural red fox and is made by Ernst Engel. It comes in 14 colors and costs $30 at Andy's, Sugarbush, Vt.

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WEBSTER®
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15¢ *each*

The man who smokes Golden Weddings *insists* on quality. *Golden light* Webster quality hasn't varied in 50 years. That's why it enjoys such a faithful following.



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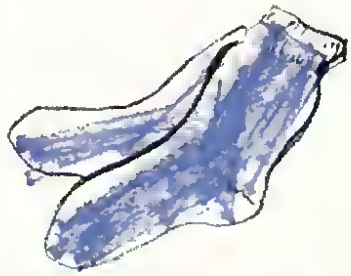
Greenwood Mills, Inc., 111 West 40th St., New York 18. Regular or medium spread collar, two pocket, coat-fronted or classic styles in smart fall fashion colors. Truval shirts with horizontal wale available in 11 fashion colors. $5.00. At better stores.



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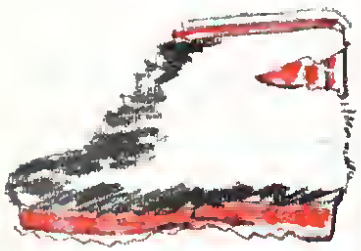
The lightweight Antron shell jacket (above) *has a Dacron-filled quilted lining. There are two concealed rows of snap buttons on the inside, enabling it to be worn short, medium or car-coat length. It costs $22.50 in sizes 6–8 and $30 in boys' sizes 14–18, is made by Sportcaster and can be bought at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York City. New this year also are the Edelweiss water-repellent Thermo Stretch pants. They have a polyurethane foam interlining laminated to a wool-and-Orlon lining, and come in sizes 4–12 for boys and girls ($12 at the Scandinavian Shop).*



The new thermal socks for children are similar to those used on several Himalayan expeditions and by the 1960 German Olympic ski team. Made of 50% wool, 30% nylon crepe and 20% viscose, with a smooth weave on the outside and terry cloth knit on the inside, they are lightweight and warm. They come in six colors and two children's stretch sizes, are imported by Iselin and cost $3 a pair.



These racing gloves ($4) are made of horsehide with reinforced padded knuckles. Wool-lined, they have wool knit cuffs, and are imported from Japan by the Scandinavian Shop.



This natural seal after-ski boot ($20) is also well-suited for general outdoor wear. Made in Canada, it has a tan rubber ribbed sole, leather binding and a wool fleece lining.



Any schuss-booming youngster and all kids who enter competitive events need some kind of head protection on the slopes. The Scandinavian Shop has just the thing—a molded-plastic helmet ($15) that not only is lightweight and tough but has a suspension webbing and rubber crown piece on the inside. Though not yet approved by the FIS, it should help prevent injuries. Another good safety item for youngsters are well-fitting goggles that cut glare and wind. These have rubber frames with foam-rubber lining and interchangeable smoke and amber lenses. They cost $1.25.

CONTINUED



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Caution: Watch out for falling females.

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REO SNOW THROW

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Duofold's red thermal ski underwear comes in scaled-down sizes for youngsters. This set costs $9 (top or bottom $4.50 each). The Henke ski boots (below) *are called Speedfit Juniors. Depending on size, prices range from $29.50 to $37.50, at the Scandinavian Shop*



Strictly for tramping through the snow, and not for action on the slopes, is the black rubber ski boot (below). *It is imported by Iselin and costs $7 (small size) and $10 (large).*



—JULE CAMPBELL





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SCORECARD

LOVE BY FIAT

After long intransigence, the AAU and the NCAA now seem (*see page 49*) to have arrived at a less than cordial but nevertheless effective rapprochement that will permit proper representation of the U.S. in international competition. It is a little sad, just the same, that it finally became necessary for sport to work out its problem under the gavel of the Attorney General of the U.S., whose responsibility is more in the field of crime. Still, Robert F. Kennedy did bring the AAU and the NCAA together —twice, no less—and by force of personality (which includes a genuine love of sport and a practical understanding of the international propaganda value of athletics) fashioned a victory for common sense.

BEDRAGGLED PRIZE

A sorry-looking four-point buck deer was hauled into a Utah hunting camp near Cove Fort recently and other hunters wondered why Don and Billy White of Richfield, Utah wasted a shell on it—or even bothered to bring it into camp. Mostly bone and skin, it had only two teeth left and its antlers were nothing to admire. But it was a prize nonetheless.

Even in the safety of zoos, deer seldom reach the age of 20. In the woods their average life expectancy is five years. A deer that lives to the age of 10 in woods free from hunters has lived a long life. This one was 29, an age determined by a tag dated 1933, which apparently had been attached to one of its ears by employees of the Utah Department of Fish and Game.

This old buck, able to survive for almost three decades against predators, including hunters, and the perils of Utah's bitter winters, must have been one of the wisest of his kind.

CAUTION IN K.C.

Kansas City and its baseball team, the Athletics, are in the midst of one of their periodic reconciliations. Owner Charles Finley has confessed that last year he had a roving eye and that it was focused on Dallas. But now he has promised that, for the time being, at least, he will be faithful in his fashion. Once again he is wooing the fans, trying to sell them season tickets. This year he made no effort to sell season tickets and never bothered to deny the charge that he wanted attendance to slide to give him a better excuse for moving the team.

As in many domestic situations where one partner has shown a tendency to stray, there are reservations on the part of the one spurned. In response to Finley's request that Kansas City build him a new stadium, city and Chamber of Commerce officials got together the other day and framed an answer that, addressed to the owner of a ninth-place ball club, was exemplary for its caution. Give us a first division team, they said, and *then* we'll see about building you a stadium.

THE WELL-PACKED SLACK

The obstreperous tournament galleries in the esteemed golfing countries of the U.S. (6,000 courses, 6 million golfers) and Great Britain (2,000 courses, 3 million golfers) might well profit from the behavior of their inexperienced Argentine cousins during the recent Canada Cup matches in Buenos Aires (SI, Nov. 19). Fresh in mind are this summer's gallery stampedes during the British Open at Troon and the American PGA in Philadelphia. By contrast—though their country was in contention for the team title until the very end and an Argentine player, Roberto de Vicenzo, actually won the individual championship —the reputedly hot-blooded Latins were as courteous to the players as a dancing school class might be to the prettiest girl in the minuet.

Crowds were large (15,000 turned out for the last two rounds) and enthusiastic, but the marshals, who carried gay, peppermint-striped poles to augment the usual tee-to-green gallery roping, had only to ask "Silencio, por favor," to command the utmost in discipline.

The gallery was not only one of the best behaved in the world, it was probably the most beautiful. Luscious Argentine girls turned out in colorful, tight-fitting Capri slacks. "Distractions, distractions, distractions," a golfer moaned appreciatively. "Why do you think I played so horribly? I could hardly keep my eye on the ball, but I wouldn't have changed things for anything."

Of course. Better by far to be distracted by a well-turned figure than by an ill-turned mob.

PENNY-FARTHING REVIVAL

The Pickwick Bicycle Club, founded in England in 1870, the year Charles Dickens died, is the oldest cycle club in the world. Members address each other by the names of characters in *Pickwick Papers*, meet periodically to smoke old shag in churchwarden pipes, to drink rum punch and to recall the halcyon days of penny-farthing, or high-wheeler, cycles, so called because one wheel is large, like a penny, the other tiny, like a farthing.

The high-wheeler is coming back, and England puts on a penny-farthing race annually. Old and young alike pound away over a London track for four laps, roughly equivalent to a mile. And now Americans are getting interested. Leo J. Cohen, president of the Los Angeles West Coast Cycle Supply Company,



which supplies about a thousand dealers all over the U.S., recently placed an order at London's Cycle and Motor Cycle Show for a hundred penny-farthings at $280 each.

The fad for penny-farthings began in the 1870s, and reached its zenith during the Gay Nineties here and in England. In April 1884 Thomas Stevens started from San Francisco to ride round the

continued

THREE MILE A MINUTE PIPER COMANCHE LANDING AT NORMAN'S KEY IN THE BAHAMAS. TWIN ENGINE PIPER AZTEC B IN FOREGROUND CARRIES SIX. CRUISES OVER 200 MPH



Guess Why Piper Owners Like This Time of Year Best

Check the desk or briefcase of a Piper owner this time of year and you'll probably find a clutter of charts leading to Florida, the Caribbean, Mexico, the warm Southwest. Piper owners share a sunny discovery—the same airplane that saves them time, money and frustration in day-to-day business travel also happens to fly especially well in a southerly direction when snow begins to fly.

One easy day of Piper flying covers more miles than two or three days of hard driving. When you run out of land, your Piper doesn't even know the difference—just keeps purring along until the exotic island of your choice looms up ahead. Expensive? Answer that this way. The total fuel bill for a Piper carrying four people will be less than air fare to the same place for *one* person.

And you come and go as you please...when you please. That's why so many firms buy Pipers in the first place. Piper owners and their guests are relaxing on the beach while their timetable-tangled friends fret over re-confirmation, no space, or excess baggage problems.

If you don't already have your own Piper island-hopper, don't despair. Cotton up to a Piper-owning friend. You won't have to look far—so many people are flying these days—and he just may have a couple of comfortable southbound Piper seats open.

Better still—talk to your friendly Piper dealer right now. Let him show you (1) how easy it is to fly; (2) how useful flying can be for your business; (3) how there's a Piper just suited to your needs—priced as low as $5495. (Convenient lease and finance plans, too).

Or for Piper Flight Facts kit with catalog on the new 1963 line of Piper planes and other interesting information, write Dept. 11-S.



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The second group is made up of *people with plans.* After they've saved enough money, they plan to do some of the following things:

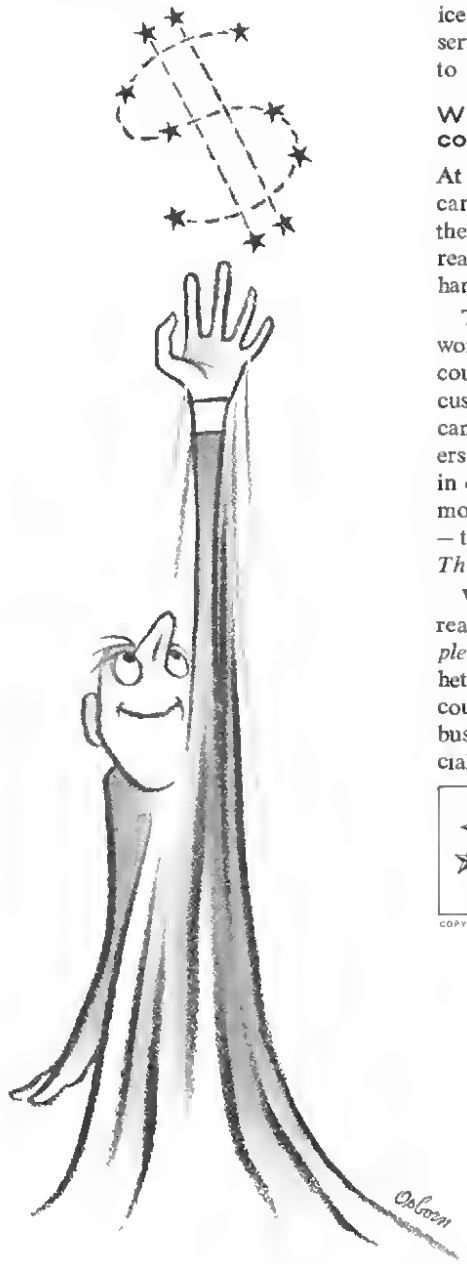
- Buy a new car, refurnish the living room, send the kids to college, or take an extended vacation
- Buy or build a home, or add improvements to their present home
- Buy a piece of investment real estate (an apartment, a commercial building, a farm)
- Start a business of their own or buy into an existing company

If you fall into this second group (and you do even if you've only *thought* about such plans), here's a suggestion that could mean the difference between success or failure: *After you've saved up your nest egg, there's one type of financial institution that can act as your financial partner in helping you carry out any of your plans. That financial partner is a Full Service commercial bank.*

For example: If you want to buy a home or a piece of income property, there are at least four places to get the first mortgage money, including your Full Service bank. Your bank is often the least expensive (not only in interest but in loan fees and the like).

Or—if you want to buy a new car or take a trip, you'll find that your Full Service bank can go right along with you by providing an auto or travel loan at interest rates generally lower than you would pay elsewhere.

Or—if you want to go into business for yourself, the bank can help you in two ways. First, with good advice, based on experience. Second, if your proposition looks promising, the bank can help with a commercial loan.



Unlike other types of savings institutions, a Full Service commercial bank is really a kind of "financial department store," dispensing money not just for one or two types of loans but for *practically any legitimate venture that shows promise.* Since it is a Full Service bank, it can offer every banking service from small checking accounts to huge industrial loans.

Why start with a Full Service commercial bank?

At this point, you might ask: "Why can't I keep my savings where I get the most interest, and then, when I'm ready to act, call on a Full Service bank for help?"

The answer is: *You can.* But you won't get the preferred treatment you could expect if you were an established customer. Like any business, a bank can do more for its established customers than for someone who just walks in off the street. You've heard that the more business you do with one bank—the more the bank can do for you. *This is true.*

We're prejudiced, but it stands to reason that if your plans require *complete banking service,* you'd be a lot better off if you got your savings account—and all the rest of your banking business—into a Full Service commercial bank. The sooner the better.

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GUERLAIN
Parfumeur

world on a penny-farthing. He made it by December 1886.

It takes a lot of work to make a good penny-farthing. The front driving and steering wheel is the main problem. For tall men in the old days they ranged up to 62 inches in diameter. The Falcon model Mr. Cohen has ordered will have a 48-inch front wheel. Its tires are solid rubber and weigh some 50 pounds. Mr. Cohen will have his Falcons in time for Easter. He anticipates a big demand, and is planning to order more than his initial hundred. "Everyone will want to ride them in the parks," Cohen predicts. It's about as easy as mounting a horse, with the aid of a step, but once up look out for low-hanging branches.

PEACE AND COEXISTENCE

The student exchange system has helped improve understanding between nations. Now Maine and Florida are about to try to understand each other via tourist exchange. During January Floridians will go to Maine to study skiing, clambakes, square dancing, skating, dog teams and maple syrup poured on snow. A body of Maine tourists will visit Florida for courses in salt water fishing (southern style), water skiing, skin diving, tennis, golf and beachcombing. Total cost, $259 for six days and five nights, including round trip air transportation.

The idea was cooked up between the Bangor (Me.) *Daily News* and the Fort Lauderdale (Fla.) *News*, normally rivals for the winter tourist trade, since both states bill themselves as year-round vacation spots. Now if California will just send a delegation to Florida to investigate stone crabs and if Florida will send a group to California to look into abalone steaks, a whole new era of interstate amity may ensue.

THE INSIDE TRACK

• The Southwest Conference and the Big Eight will agree early next month on a letter of intent, with February 15th as the earliest date for signing football prospects. This may lead to similar agreements throughout the nation. Such agreements would force athletes who jump from one school to another to forfeit one or two years of eligibility.

• The University of Minnesota's athletic department will be reorganized after Ike Armstrong retires as athletic director in June. Three men will do the jobs he has been doing: an intercollegiate

continued

FAVORITE SCOTCH
OF THE HOUSE

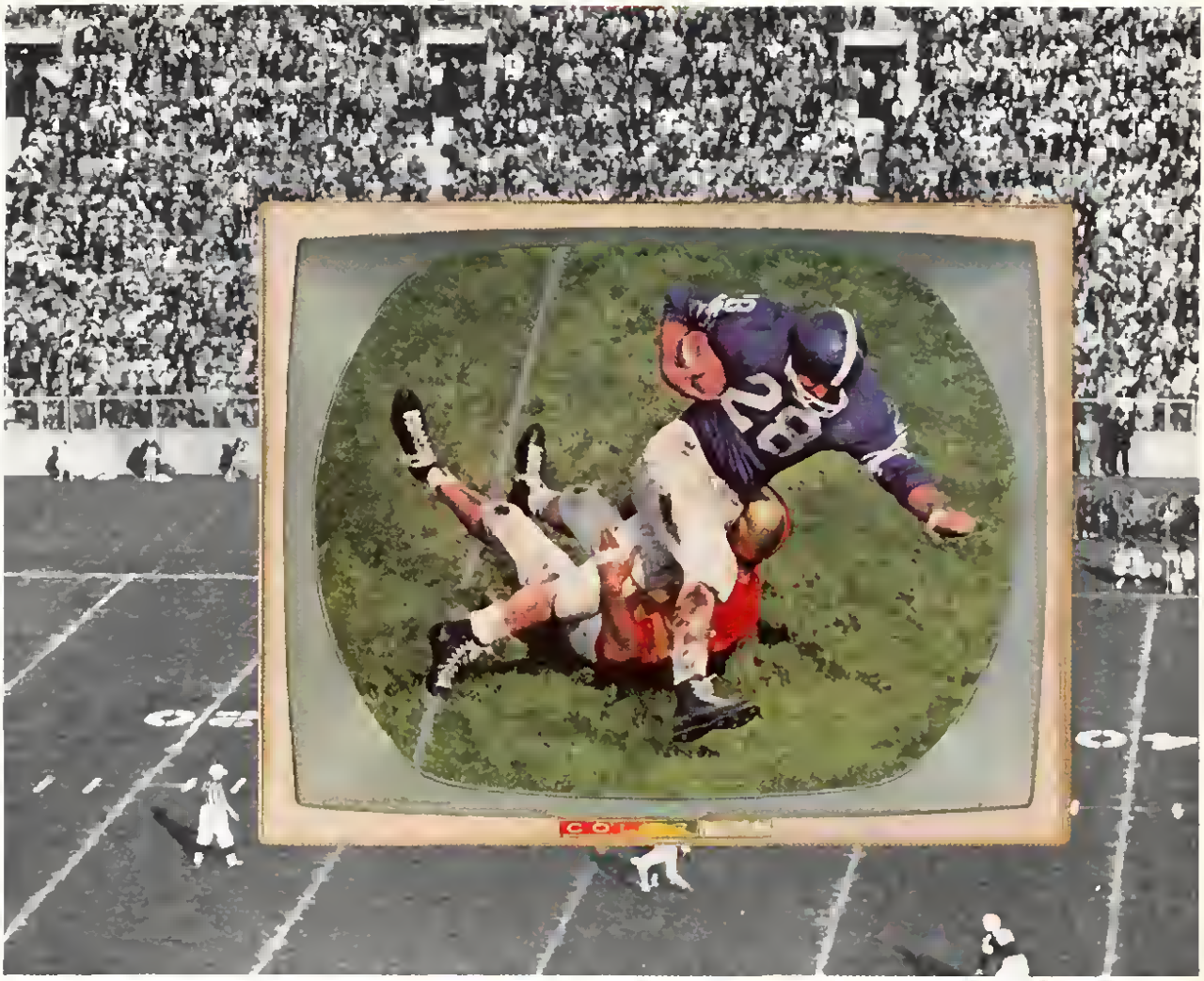


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"WHAT AN AUTOMOBILE!"

The above is a more or less direct quote from any number of people as they alight from their first drive in a new Corvette Sting Ray. Anyone who ever yearned to sample the delights of a fourteen- or fifteen-thousand-dollar *Gran Turismo* machine can now savor those sensations at far less than they'd ever expect to pay.

Chevrolet

The new Corvette Sting Ray has a new chassis, bigger, self-adjusting brakes, independent rear suspension, and new bodywork to warm the heart of the most jaded driver. It's a whole new concept for most Americans: a car that delivers power to more than equal any driving situation, handling and stability of the highest order, brakes that feel like they could stop an avalanche, all this without sacrificing interior comfort or a smooth ride. Sports cars often make pretty stringent demands upon their occupants, forcing them to endure a coarse ride, drafts, and the interior dimensions of a phone booth. Not the Corvette. Here at last is a machine that delivers all the joys and driver delights of the all-out sports car it is, with the snug comfort and smoothness of a "sports-type car" which it sure as heck *isn't*. What an automobile! . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

director, a physical education director and a budget and facilities director. Other Big Ten athletic directors are concerned that the same format may be adopted elsewhere in the conference, thus decreasing their stature.

• Hottest prospect in the American Hockey League is Dick Meissner, 22-year-old Hershey Bear winger, who scored five goals in five games recently. Meissner has one of the hardest shots in the league, is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 205 pounds. The fastest player on his team, he is a sure bet to return to the Boston Bruins, who sent him down for experience.

• Governor-elect William Scranton of Pennsylvania would like to change the state's harness racing act along lines suggested by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's *Shep Tangles with the Boys* (June 5, '61). He wants to make it illegal for politicians to participate in track ownership. Expect a move soon after he takes office.

MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED

One recent day a 6-foot-5, 17-year-old Negro stepped onto the football field in Lancaster, S.C. and threw a football into a stiff November wind. The ball traveled 70 yards in the air. The youngster apologized that it did not go farther. Hadn't warmed up, he said.

This is Bennie Blocker, who may yet be one of the finest football players ever produced in South Carolina. Playing for Barr High School the past four years, he:

Ran for 1,034 yards as a sophomore, scored five times and threw eight touchdown passes, rushed for 1,245 yards in eight junior-year games, scored eight touchdowns rushing and passed for 14 more; in 10 games this season ran for 1,505 yards, scored 14 touchdowns, passed for 11 touchdowns. The statistics would be more dazzling except that occasionally he caused himself to be removed from a game by scoring too many touchdowns. At halfback he sometimes fouled up plays by starting so quickly he got to the line before the quarterback could pivot and hand him the ball. He is a 10-second man in the 100.

Now 23 colleges have been in touch with him, including several from the Big Ten. Recently he spent a weekend at Indiana University, where his coach, Roosevelt Gilliam, did graduate work. In the upper 20% of his class since elementary school, Blocker will have no trouble getting into college.

To Gilliam he is "a coach's dream."

"Bennie is a good basketball player and track man, too," says Gilliam, "but the thing he was born to do in this life is play football and he can do that better than anyone I've ever seen."

One other thing. He took up punting this season and averaged 39.7 yards.

EXCELSIOR IN FINLANDIA

The national sport of Finland is track and field. Though its latter-day runners have hardly been burning up the cinders in the style of Paavo Nurmi, the Finns do have a national hero in Pentti Nikula. And now, five months after this former glassblower soared 16 feet 2½ inches, the Finns are assessing the results.

The main result is that Finnish youth has gone mad about pole vaulting. Within a week of Nikula's record not a single pole could be bought in Helsinki at any price. One Finnish firm rushed a desperate order to Japan for bamboo, enough to make 500 poles, and sold out in advance even before the raw material landed on its doorstep. Even so, undaunted boys from Turku to Oulu were vaulting anywhere, from backyards to roadways, with any piece of wood they could fashion into a makeshift pole. At last count, more than 200 young arms and legs had been broken.

THEY SAID IT

• Tommy McDonald, after his Eagles were butchered by Green Bay 49–0. "I hear the Packers are going on the New York Stock Exchange. If so, I want a piece of them."

• Jack Curtice, Stanford coach, on his team's loss to Southern Cal: "We did everything we were supposed to do. We held Willie Brown to one yard, Hal Bedsole caught only two passes, Ben Wilson was contained. So, who was that that beat us 39–14?"

• Joe Louis, after watching Elvis Presley in the film *Kid Galahad*: "He boxes better than he sings."

• Pat Culpepper, Texas linebacker and All-America prospect, explaining his fierce desire: "I've got to hit somebody every play; that's what I'm there for. I might be the biggest coward in town after the game, but while it's going I'm prepared to fight anybody."

• Sonny Liston at a Los Angeles press conference: "I don't care where I fight Floyd Patterson, just so we get paid. One of you guys want to put it on in your basement and you got cash—in the basement we goin'."



Sports Illustrated
NOVEMBER 26, 1962

A ROUGH DAY FOR THE BEAR

Reversing a national trend toward brutal football, Paul Bryant's Alabama played a hard and remarkably clean game against Georgia Tech—but lost it 7-6

by MORTON SHARNIK and ROBERT CREAMER

Minutes after his Alabama team had lost to Georgia Tech 7-6 last Saturday, in just about the biggest football upset of the year, Alabama Head Coach Paul (Bear) Bryant appeared in the winning team's dressing room, smiling and completely unbearlike, despite the hurt of having been beaten for the first time in 27 games. But after an exchange of compliments with Georgia Tech Coach Bobby Dodd, Bryant's affability was suddenly dampened by Dodd's offhand comment, "I believe that was the cleanest game I've ever seen. What do you think, Coach?" Bryant, looking down at his shoes, muttered, "Huh? Oh, yeah. It certainly was. But I didn't expect anything different."

Most of the 53,000 spectators who jammed into the 52,000-seat stadium did. Last year an Alabama player, Darwin Holt, had smashed Georgia Tech's Chick Graning in the face with his left elbow and forearm, in an unnecessary block when an Alabama teammate signaled for a fair catch on a punt. After the catch, though possibly before the referee's whistle had sounded, Holt hit Graning, rising off his feet as he drove his arm up under the taller Tech player's face guard. Graning was helped off the field with

continued

The year's big upset was marked by aggressive play, but it had none of the bloodbath tactics of previous Tech-Alabama games

Photograph by Jay B. Leviton

injuries diagnosed later as 1) fracture of the alveolar process (facial bones), 2) five missing upper front teeth, 3) fracture of the nasal bone, 4) fracture of the right maxillary sinus and the sinus filled with blood, 5) fracture of the right zygomatic process (bone beneath the right eye), 6) cerebral concussion and 7) possible fracture of the base of the skull.

The injury to Graning, an extremely popular boy who has been described as "basically too gentle to be a truly great football player," infuriated Georgia Tech fans, faculty and alumni, who argued that it was the result of a deliberate and brutal foul. More significantly, it was called characteristic of Alabama football—and just about the last straw.

The annual game between Tech and Alabama had become extremely rough and difficult, and it was common knowledge that Coach Bobby Dodd had been wanting for some time to drop Alabama from the Georgia Tech schedule. The Holt-Graning incident brought things to a head, and in January it was announced that the two schools were severing football relations when the current contract runs out after the 1964 game.

Saturday's game, therefore, was expected by a lot of people to be a bloodbath—Tech would be out to avenge Graning, and Alabama would be out to avenge the insult implicit in Tech's decision to end the old rivalry. Instead, it was a startlingly clean game and, even more surprising, it was comparatively wide open. Bryant completely abandoned the close-to-the-vest, conservative game he is famous for and had his sophomore quarterback, Joe Namath, throw 38 passes. On Alabama's first play from scrimmage, on its own 23, Namath stood eight yards behind the line of scrimmage in a shotgun formation and threw a pass. A professional football scout in the press box laughed out loud. "Who is he trying to kid?" he said. "Bear's teams don't pass on the first play from scrimmage. They don't pass from the 23-yard line, and they haven't run from a shotgun once this year."

But it was just the beginning. Bryant's team never stopped doing the unexpected. In the first quarter Bryant had them go for the first down with fourth and one on the 50. Alabama missed by inches, and that failure contributed to the poor field position that plagued the team throughout the first half. Later in the game they faked a kick from their own end zone and completed a successful screen pass that brought them way up the field. No one knew the last time a Bryant team passed from the end zone.

But all in all, the gambles misfired. Georgia Tech intercepted four passes, and the first led to Tech's only touchdown. Mike McNames intercepted on the Alabama 40 and ran the ball back to the 16. Two plays later he rammed over for the score, and a successful kick for the extra point made it 7–0. Alabama scored its only touchdown in the fourth period, after a Georgia Tech misplay on a punt try gave Alabama the ball on the Tech nine. On the extra point Bryant gambled again, disdaining a kick for one point and a tie and electing instead to rush for a two-pointer. It failed. Later Bryant said, "There was no question; we had to go for the two points. It was my call and I'll take the blame, but when you're number one in the country you don't play for the tie."

With little over a minute left, Alabama drove down to the Tech 14, within field-goal distance. But in an attempt to get just a little closer, Namath bounced a pass out of a receiver's hands and it was intercepted by Tech's Don Toner. That was the end, for the clock soon ran out. Dodd said, "This is the greatest victory I've ever been associated with." The spectators, most of them Georgia Tech fans, left the stadium still tingling with the excitement of the game.

Despite the close score and the fact of the upset and the stunning switch in Alabama's strategy, the most significant statistics to come out of the game were the yards lost to penalties. Georgia Tech was penalized exactly 20 yards. Alabama was penalized exactly 10. Repeat: 10.

This gentle note almost certainly was the result of the Holt-Graning incident, which last year shocked the Southeastern Conference into awareness of a trend that is still spreading elsewhere in the nation: the degeneration of college football into a primitive battle of raw strength and attrition instead of a contest of athletic skills. Before the 1962 season began, Southeastern Conference Commissioner Bernie Moore had warned conference coaches and officials to crack down on rough play. His concern reflected that of other curators of college football—that the game was getting dirtier and dirtier and that rough play was being excused because it came under the guise of "hard-nosed football." But the incidence of serious injury was way up (one clinical survey showed that head and neck injuries had increased 82.5% in four years, and deaths in high school and college ball seemed to be in the headlines almost every week). Even the nomenclature of football tactics—"spearing" and "goring" and "shivering" and "gang-tackling"—was beginning to sound like something out of a *West Side Story* rumble. Not all of these tactics (*right*) are specifically authorized by the rule book but not all are clear and evident violations of the rules, and even Woody Hayes of Ohio State, renowned as a football purist, is an advocate of some of them.

"We teach our boys to spear and gore," Woody told a group of sportswriters this fall. "We want them to plant that helmet right under a guy's chin. A boy who blocks with his head down gets hurt. I want them to stick that mask right in the opponent's neck."

However, Hayes is against shivering. "There's nothing worse than forearm blows to the head," he said. Woody is particularly irked by the practice because of a broken jaw suffered by his best offensive end, Bob Middleton, in Ohio State's game with UCLA in October. "He got it from a blow on the head," Hayes said. "I know the officials can't always see these things, but some day a boy is going to die from one of those flagrant blows, and there's going to be real trouble. It could even be manslaughter, if somebody wanted to press charges." (Irv Wisniewski, assistant coach at Delaware, says of the forearm smash: "Pro scouts watching a college game can't understand how the players get away with it.")

Coaches and athletic directors are critical of other practices, too. Biggie Munn of Michigan State dislikes piling on. "I cringe every time I see half a dozen linemen crashing down on some little back," he says. And Clyde Smith of Arizona State complains, "Players are grabbing face masks and slamming the helmet back against the neck."

Despite such concern, there is no unanimity of opinion. For instance, Jess Neely, veteran head coach at Rice, disagrees with Hayes on certain aspects of spearing and goring ("The only reason a player sticks his helmet in another boy's face," says Neely, "is to intimidate or injure him"). But, on the other hand,

he sees nothing wrong with a player driving his helmet into another man's midriff. And George Nash, assistant coach at Minnesota, says, "The head block has pretty well taken the place of the shoulder block, and I can't see anything particularly wrong with it."

Yet a report in the June 9, 1962 issue of the *Journal of the American Medical Association* says, "Head-on blocking and tackling are dangerous football tactics and should be eliminated. No head protection of any kind is adequate to prevent injuries from occurring when these two tactics are employed." In other words, the man goring or spearing is liable to hurt himself as well as his opponent. These, and blatantly illegal tactics like grabbing an opponent's face mask, contribute to serious injuries. Neurosurgeon Richard Schneider of Michigan analyzed the 18 football fatalities that occurred in 1959 and discovered that 14 of them were the result of head and spinal injuries. "A football player is in great danger any time his head is thrown forcibly backwards by a blow," Dr. Schneider reported. In New England, a high school trainer said, "Whiplash neck injuries have become almost commonplace. It may be a 15-yard penalty for illegal use of the hands if the player is caught, but that doesn't make it up to the kid with the wry neck."

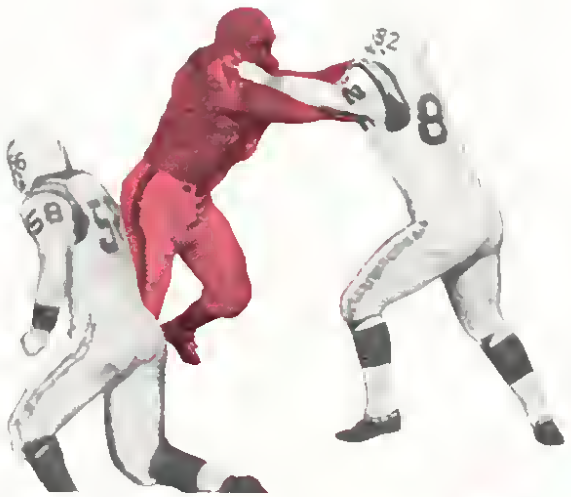
Blame for the increasing incidence of injuries has often been placed on modern equipment, such as the face guard and the rock-hard plastic helmet that have come into universal use in the last decade. But medical research indicates that the face guard and the helmet actually have helped to prevent an even greater number of injuries. Knocked-out teeth, jaw fractures, broken noses and other facial injuries have been substantially reduced, primarily because of the face guards, and the American Medical Association has approved the plastic helmet.

Blame has also been put on officials, who have been charged with being lax and permissive. Mike Lude, coach at Colorado State, grants that the high-speed, fast-charging game played nowadays makes it difficult for an official to see and call all infractions of the rules, but he adds, "Even so, failure to call unnecessary roughness leaves the kids with the impression that officials condone it." One referee conceded that the game had gotten out of control. "The blame is 50% ours, but it's 50% the

continued on page 62

FOOTBALL'S DUBIOUS TECHNIQUES

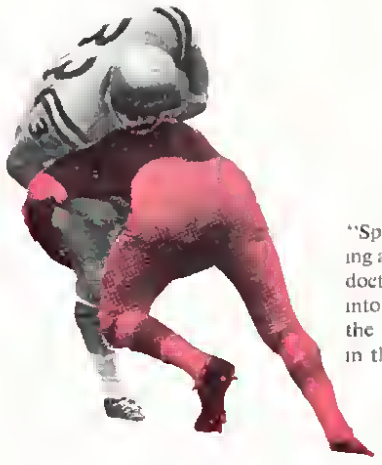
The rising incidence of injuries, particularly to the neck and spine, is attributed primarily to the tactics, legal and illegal, shown below



Blocking with the forearm, known as "shivering," requires the blocker to smash his elbow and forearm against the helmet or face guard or into the neck or throat of the rushing player. Often the helmet is forced up, back and down against the nape of the neck.



A flagrantly illegal tactic, grabbing the face mask is an effective (and neck-breaking) way of stopping a ballcarrier or a would-be tackler. Linemen are the worst offenders, since outlawed maneuvers can more readily be hidden in the tangled fury of interior line play.



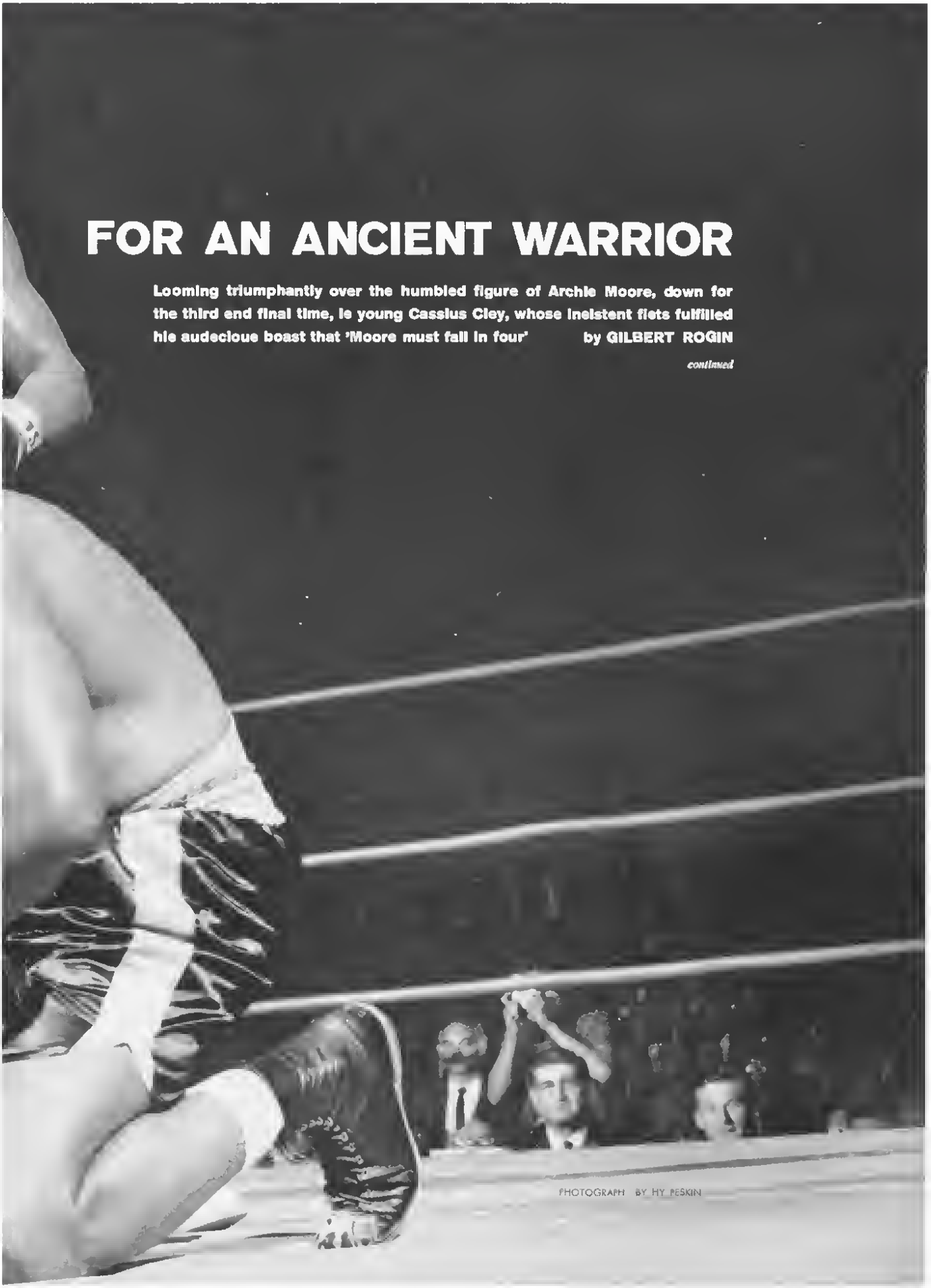
"Spearing" and "goring" describe head-on blocking and tackling, which are legal but frowned on by doctors. In the head-on block, the helmet is driven into the opponent's chest or belly. In the tackle, the ballcarrier is hit with helmet or face guard—in the head or neck or ribs—to induce fumbling.


CAMPAIGN'S END

FOR AN ANCIENT WARRIOR

Looming triumphantly over the humbled figure of Archie Moore, down for the third and final time, is young Cassius Clay, whose insistent fists fulfilled his audacious boast that 'Moore must fall in four' **by GILBERT ROGIN**

continued



PHOTOGRAPH BY HY PESKIN

'AIN'T NOTHING HIT TOWN LIKE ME'

Several days before he had fulfilled his audacious promise by knocking out Archie Moore in the fourth round, Cassius Marcellus Clay, child of scorn, lolled upon his bed in a hotel room in Los Angeles and listened to a recitation by an old man called One Round Andrews. Its tragic hero was, as in so many of these accounts, a cowardly fighter. "He was the prettiest thing you ever saw," said One Round, with feeling, "walking the streets of Los Angeles hungry. Know why? No heart, Cassius. No *heart*." He thumped his chest to show Cassius where it wasn't.

In preparation for Moore, who numbers his years in the upper 40s, Clay, only 20, sought the counsel of old citizens like One Round; in Miami, for instance, where he did most of his training, he sparred with a Mr. "Pop" Mobely, a bewildered 65-year-old tailor. Now he listened to One Round, whose eyes were shut as though he could better recall the past by dismissing the present. "If you had jabbed me," One Round asked, "where do you think you'd have hitted me?"

"In the palm of my hand!" One Round answered himself, cackling.

"You know what this old man, Mr. One Round Andrews, told me?" said Clay. "When I get in the ring with Moore, he's going to be wrong if he do and wrong if he don't. He showed me just like Jack Johnson do. Jump back and smile. I'm Jack Johnson. But I'm no Negro, am I, Angelo? I'm half Hawaiian and half Indian. Isn't that right, Angelo?" Angelo Dundee, Cassius' trainer, said nothing.

Clay leaped out of bed and looked soulfully at the rug. "How is it down there, old man?" he asked. "Get up. The people want to see their money's worth. It's only round two. You supposed to fall in four."

"I wouldn't be surprised if he knock him out in one round," said Rudolph Valentino Clay, Cassius' kid brother.

"You're the modest one, Rudy," said Cassius. "Don't *you* get bold. I'm the greatest. Ain't nothing hit town like me. I'm the onliest fighter you'll see on the corner debating with his fans. There's been a lot of great fighters that just fight and that's all, isn't that right, Mr. Andrews? It's unusual to see a fighter pop off. But if I didn't pop off they wouldn't have anything to write. And you seen what happened to that quiet man who walked into that ring with Liston. There are two greats left, Britain and Clay. I'm not conceited. Conceited means a person that thinks they have when they don't. I done talked so much, I'm tired of it. Scuffling to be the greatest, it's tough.

"You know what I'm going to get after this fight?" he said, brightening. "A candy-apple-red 1963 Fleetwood Cadillac. A convertible. I want my top *down*. I'm going to ride with a fox on each side of me and my record player playing Chubby Checker and $500 in my pocket for spending money. I'm going to wear a black silk mohair suit, starched white shirt, black bow tie, $55 alligator shoes. I'm going to have a TV set in the back seat and a telephone for communication with my $175,000 home. You like that, huh? And after I annihilate Liston I'll have a chauffeur. I'll be too valuable to drive myself. I'm going to have a double-decker Greyhound bus for my bodyguards, my valets, my sparring partners and my cook. My double-decker bus is going to have its own kitchen because there might be trouble along my route. I haven't integrated everyone like I have my trainer, Angelo. I'm going to retire when I'm tired of talking and set down in my $175,000 home and collect rent from my $500,000 apartment project. I'm the onliest one."

The great debate

"He's a loud person," said Archie Moore the following day while riding around town with an acquaintance. "He wants everybody to be conscious of his presence." Several weeks earlier, Clay and Moore had appeared on a half-hour television program entitled *The Great Debate*. Cassius wore a medal about his neck reading: "I'm the Greatest." Archie sat hunched over, twiddling his thumbs, while Cassius, not without a certain panache, told him he must fall in four. "The only way I'll fall in four, Cassius," Moore replied, "is by tripping over your prostrate form."

"If I lose," said Cassius, "I'm going to crawl across the ring and kiss your feet. Then I'll leave the country."

"Don't humiliate yourself," said Archie, evenly. "Our country's depending on its youth. Really, I don't see how you can stand yourself. I'm a speaker, not a rabble-rouser. I'm a conversationalist, you're a shouter."

Now, riding in the car, Moore continued. "I view this young man with mixed emotions," he said. "Sometimes he sounds humorous, but sometimes he sounds like Ezra Pound's poetry. He's like a man that can write beautifully but doesn't know how to punctuate. He has this 20th-century exuberance, but there's a bitterness in him somewhere. Could be a geographical bitterness. This is just my summation, you understand. He is certainly coming along at a time when a new face is needed on the boxing scene, on the fistic horizon. But in his anxiousness to be this person he may be overplaying his hand by belittling people. He wants to show off, regardless of whose feet he's stepping on. When you come on a man bragging it's like a man saying I have everything—new house, new car, servants—drop around sometime. He doesn't want to see you; he wants you to see what he has."

While Archie was parked in front of a laundry, two teen-age girls told him that Cassius had a fat mouth and that they wanted Moore to win. "You see," said Archie, "some of his contemporaries hope I beat the socks off of him. You see the results of youthful folly. I've never been vicious. I have made a few caustic remarks in my day and time, but it's been with tongue in cheek. He is not tampering with a novice. He may be in for a rude awakening. As I've said, Clay can go with speed in all directions, including straight down, if hit properly. I have a good, solid right hand that will fit nicely on his chops.

"I don't really think he believes all the things he says. He's a wonderful-looking young man. You can never tell what goes on in a young man's mind, though. I don't care what Cassius says. He can't make me mad. All I want to do is knock him out."

Although Cassius, in his guileless, arbitrary fashion, was confident of victory, it was reassuring to him that Dundee concurred. "Every fighter with ability has beaten Archie," Angelo said one evening, plucking an olive off a small plastic monkey that substituted for a toothpick. "He hasn't fought a good

fighter since Patterson. Mine is a big, tall heavyweight with a good left hand and speed to burn. I see him boxing this guy real good. Everyone expects him to run. You got to move to an old man. They can't go back. He's going to box but box offensively, go to the guy with the jab, offset him with the jab and open him up for other punches. If the jab works early, he'll stop the guy early. Cassius throws too much glove. And I have two special punches for Moore. A right-hand counter and an uppercut to go in between his arms. Believe it or not, Cassius throws a left uppercut. There's no one like him. He's too egotistical to be conned by Moore, and guys who make moves like Archie give Cassius more time to think. And I like him against short guys."

Clay weighed in at 204, five pounds heavier than ever, and Moore at 197. During the ceremonies, a commissioner asked Moore, who has been fighting 27 years: "The rules, are you familiar with them?"

"Have they been revamped?" Moore inquired, mildly.

Said Clay: "Tell all my fans to bet heavy." Due largely to Clay's active mouth and sandbox manners, the fight drew 16,200 paying $182,599.76, a California indoor record. From the beginning it was evident Moore had no chance. Archie came out in a severe crouch, arms, as customary, a stout gate-crossing in front of his face. He clumped in pursuit of Clay but only rarely did he have the opportunity to punch. Clay stood off, always just out of range, stately, composed, serenely firing a dazzling variety of swift hooks, jabs and uppercuts at Archie's graying head. Clay's were not, of course, singularly powerful blows, but they added up.

The second round went much like the first: Clay ceaselessly punching, Moore swaying in his crouch like an old bear. Cassius missed at times, but as Dick Saddler, Archie's chief trainer, ruefully said afterwards: "Clay missed 100 punches—but he threw 200." Toward the end of the second round Archie caught Clay in Cassius' corner with a strong right, but Clay took it almost contemptuously and was giving Moore a good beating about the head at the bell.

Archie stood glumly in his corner between rounds; there is nothing quite so disheartening as having your opponent take your best punch. It wasn't bravura. If he had sat down he very likely wouldn't have gotten up. Archie did a few deep knee bends before the third round, trying to get a little life into his legs, and then sailed out into Clay's barraging fists. About the middle of the round, Clay, as he admitted later, began to get arm-weary. He had thrown as many punches as most heavyweights do over a full 10 rounds. Punching more slowly, more deliberately and, hence, with greater power, Clay caught Moore with three successive rights that forced him back into the ropes where he endured for a while, as he had with Marciano. Moore retaliated briefly, but it was his last gasp and, withal, a feeble one. Once more, Clay was rapping him at the end.

In the fourth Archie, his face as red as a boy who has been in the jam pot, was knocked down by a flurry of punches, his mouthpiece spurting out. Clay danced exultantly about him, arms outstretched above his head. Referee Tommy Hart, who did a commendable job, had some difficulty getting Clay to go to a neutral corner. Moore arose at about the count of eight. A series of combinations followed by a shove forced him to sit down—as much from discretion as the force of Cassius' blows. Clay again signaled his prowess with outflung arms. Archie cumbrously regained his feet. Another sequence of sharp punches put him down again and Hart, not bothering to count, stopped the fight.

Lots of bombast

Cassius had picked the round, as he had done many times in his previous 15 fights. There was a lot of bombast to the effect that the fight was a fix, that many of Cassius' fights were fixed because he has the uncanny ability to pick the round and that Cassius still hasn't shown he is a worthy fighter because Moore was fat and washed-up.

But there was no fix: Jimmie (The Greek) Snyder's Las Vegas odds rose gradually in Cassius' favor until they were 3 to 1 at fight time. Smart money would have moved the line appreciably more. Cassius Clay, believe it or not, is an authentic heavyweight contender who weighs a solid 204 pounds and is still filling out. He may hold his hands low, but it makes little difference where a quick-reacting fighter keeps his hands (*viz.*, Jack Johnson). Clay may move away from a punch instead of falling in, as is generally taught, but that is the way Johnson did it, too, and he is acclaimed the finest heavyweight of all time. Clay has faster hands than anyone his size and a complete arsenal of punches. He does lack a truly heavy punch, like Louis or Liston, but he hits plenty hard enough. He would be the betting favorite tomorrow against any heavyweight except Sonny Liston. Archie was, indeed, old and logy, but Clay took more out of him than can be explained by time and vanilla ice cream.

Cassius, naturally, was elated in the dressing room. "Who is the world's greatest?" he asked and didn't wait for an answer. "If you didn't see the fight you know what happened. All of my fans who betted heavy—cut it with Cassius. I don't give myself much credit for beating him. He's an old man. I hate to do it and Archie knows it, but I have to use him as a steppingstone. He's a great fighter. Fighting for him is a business now, no glory, and that makes him desperate and dangerous, but this was my easiest fight. I was throwing fists as fast as the law of gravity. A man is supposed to fall behind blows like that. You must say I'm the world's greatest. Liston will fall in eight. If it was up to me, I'd pull on my trunks and whip him now." (Privately, however, Cassius has this to say about meeting Sonny: "Are you crazy? I can wait.")

"Cassius proved," said Archie Moore with sobriety, "that he was everything I thought he wasn't. I had hoped to stay close to him, wear him down, but it didn't work. I couldn't hit him. Faster than Patterson? Oh, yes. Should he fight Liston? Well, that depends on his economic standpoint, you see. He is certainly the most colorful and he has enough ability to go out and do nicely.

"I don't know whether I'll retire. This might just have been a cloud that covered the sun. It was a cloudy night, but every morning brings a new ray of sunshine, new hope. I'm hopeful. And why should I complain? I've been stacking them up like cordwood for many years."

As the Moore-Clay debate ended, the Liston-Clay debate began. That night, after the fight, in a hotel ballroom, Liston met Clay at the microphone and, in rare, jovial humor, Sonny decisively decisioned Cassius. "I'm not just talking," Liston said. "Clay won't last as long as Patterson."

"I'm surprised to hear you say that," said Cassius, grabbing the microphone. "I'm going to run for one round."

"Well, then the only thing I say is I hope I can stay as long as Archie"—long pause—"in the fight game."

"I just found someone who can outtalk me," said Clay, and prudently sat down. **END**





Bon Voyage to the Ball Game



Photo by Bob Peterson

Robert Behnke is president of the Alumni Association of the University of Washington, and you don't find him at home when the Huskies are playing football. Nor do you find him or his friends snarled in Seattle's game-time traffic. Like many of their neighbors around Lake Washington, the Behnkes (left) cruise to the game from their home and tie up right alongside the stadium. En route to the game with California, Behnke and his fellow rooters (above) found ways to make the 20-minute trip a truly bon voyage.

CONTINUED





Those who boat to Husky home games customarily arrive early and continue their impromptu parties and lunch at dockside, then walk up to the stadium, as Robert Behnke and his wife Sally are about to do (above). The Huskies themselves (left) contributed their bit to the day by beating California 27–0, and on that happy note the football fleet headed home, its spirits only slightly dampened by 20-knot winds and a driving rain.







MOODY KATHY KUSNER (LEFT) AND QUIET MARY MAIRS ARE RIDING HARD FOR A POSITION ON THE 1964 U.S. OLYMPIC TEAM

THREE GIRLS ON A HORSE

by ***WILLIAM LEGGETT***

A covey of attractive young girls, whose riding styles are as different as their personalities, has brought a fresh wave of excitement to the autumn horse show circuit by competing often and successfully with the very best male equestrians from the U.S. and other lands

Two weeks ago, on the closing night of the National Horse Show in New York's Madison Square Garden, the $2,500 open jumper championship ended in a tie for the first time in 79 years. The two horses and riders who were called back for a jump-off—the horse show equivalent of baseball's extra inning and hockey's sudden death—were Ben O'Meara on Jacks or Better and Kathy Kusner on Unusual. Ben O'Meara is considered one of the brightest young professionals on horseback. Kathy Kusner is a 22-year-old amateur.

As Jacks or Better and Unusual clomped back and forth over the dirt path leading to the ring on the main floor of the Garden awaiting the jump-off, four grooms gathered in a tack tent in the basement. Huddling over an olive blanket with the Boy Scout seal ("Be Prepared") in its center, each of the grooms threw down a $5 bill and a folded slip of paper. One groom picked up the $20 and began reading the pool slips. Suddenly he stopped and declared, "We ain't got no action. Everybody has picked *her*, and everybody says she goes clean."

When the jump-off was concluded, Kathy Kusner had indeed gone clean, sailing over each of the 12 jumps, ranging in height from 4 feet to 6 feet, faultlessly. She took her blue ribbon and returned to the Garden basement, which, during the National, serves as a combination paddock, corral, tack room and hotel. Before accepting congratulations she jumped onto an equipment trunk and pinned the ribbon to the border of a canvas curtain that was already lined with 13 other ribbons. She stepped back, looked at them and a bright smile crossed her face.

Kathy Kusner is one of three young horsewomen whose smiles—and exceptional talents—have brightened the horse show circuit this fall. Along with 18-year-old Mary Mairs (it rhymes with stars and not with stairs) and a 20-year-old Canadian girl, Gail Ross, she has captured the attention of horse show patrons, as well as some of the headlines, in Harrisburg, Washington, New York and, just last week, in Toronto.

By the time the equestrian events begin at the 1964 Olympics, there is a good chance that either Miss Mairs or Miss Kusner will be representing the U.S. and a certainty that Miss Ross will be jumping against her for Canada.

In a sport which so often appeals to club members, social pretenders, white-on-whiters and backbiters, Kathy Kusner is the most discussed of all the riders. In Washington, while still suffering from bruises incurred in a fall, she won a double jump-off to take the President's Cup.

It is this sort of performance that is doing much to change the traditional attitude of the horse show hierarchy. Through the years horse shows seem to have played down the importance of the riders, an attitude that is hardly shared by the general public. At the majority of shows, for instance, the programs do not even list the riders' names.

"One of the things which the horse show has long needed to do," says 38-year-old Jim Thomas, the youngest president the National has ever had, "is get interest away from the socialites who sit in the box seats and get the people to take an interest in the competition in the ring." With these three girls, Thomas—and other horse show officials as well—now have something tangible and attractive to sell. "It's high time," Thomas says, "that we began to make this a more popular spectator sport."

Kathy Kusner is a short, attractive brunette from Arlington, Va. There are a few who say she is a true mechanic—as perfect on a jumper as a rider can be—but there are many who say she is as warm, personally, as a machine. One critic has described her as "a circle with the rims removed," but others feel she is as full of talent as any girl rider they have ever seen.



HAPPY-GO-LUCKY GAIL ROSS IS CANADA'S BEST GIRL RIDER

continued

She holds the women's record for a high jump, 7 feet 3 inches, which she set when she was 18, just before graduating from Washington-Lee High School. "I want to ride forever," she has said. Currently Kathy is an alternate on the United States Equestrian Team, and her ambition is to ride for her country in Tokyo. Her ability can easily take her there, but her coolness may well make her less than welcome on a team whose members must live close together for many weeks and, ultimately, depend on each other to pile up a winning score. Many people who have met Kathy find that she exudes an aloofness that surpasses mere rudeness. Once, after promising days in advance to appear on a television show, *Free and Easy*, on Toronto's CFTO-TV, Kathy decided at the last minute not to go on at all, leaving the show short one guest and with a lot of empty air time to fill.

She is still young, however, and has plenty of opportunity to take herself in hand as skillfully as she controls her mounts. Since August, Kathy Kusner has risen to countless fences with Unusual and, by her own admission, "knocked down only four rails." How much of this success belongs to Kathy and how much to the horse? Mrs. Frances Rowe, who is agent for Unusual's owner, C. S. Florman, has something to say about that: "He was bred by Mrs. Liz [Whitney] Tippett and her Llangollen Farm in Upperville, Va. His sire is Endeavour II [also the sire of the outstanding Thoroughbred, Prove It], and his dam is Winter Rose, the dam of the superb jumper Riviera Wonder, who four times won the New York national championship. We started Unusual at the Devon Horse Show in May, but he didn't finish anywhere. Once Kathy started riding him he began to win. First on the Virginia circuit . . . Then he won the green jumper title at the Penn National Horse Show. In my mind I feel that, without Kathy Kusner, Unusual is just another nickel horse."

The girl that Kathy Kusner must beat out to win a spot on the U.S. Olympic Equestrian Team is tall (5 feet 8 inches) Mary Mairs, the youngest rider ever to represent the U.S. in international competition. Last week in Toronto, she lost a jump-off to England's David Barker, but the three points which she picked up pushed the U.S. into a two-point lead, a lead which it never relinquished.

Mary Mairs has a fluid style and appears not to be moving on a horse at all. When the USET toured Europe last summer she impressed Europeans as much as any rider—male or female—that they had seen in years. Currently on leave from Sarah Lawrence College, she probably will never return. "I guess I should go back to school," she says, "but then my parents say I'm getting a pretty good education without the books."

During most of the international events this season she has been riding her own favorite horse, Tomboy. Three years ago Mary saw Tomboy for the first time, "fell in love with her and persuaded my parents to buy her for me even *before they had seen her.*" The Mairs family has a 20-room home in Pasadena, Calif. which is filled with animals. A visitor there recently peeked into a bedroom and saw a number of dogs in the room. On the bed itself was a plank leading to the floor so the old, arthritic ones could get down without undue effort.

During the international events Mary has normally been the first rider to take the course for the U.S. team. Her job has been to go over the jumps without collecting faults, thus enabling the other three members of the team—Bill Steinkraus, Frank Chapot and Bill Robertson—to try and pick up time on the other nations. "I imagine," she says, "that I go out first because I am the least experienced. My job is to set things up so the boys can do their jobs better."

Before Mary Mairs goes out, however, USET Coach Bert de Nemethy slowly walks the course with her. The two will examine a jump, then pace off slowly the distance to the next jump. De Nemethy is constantly talking to her, questioning her, testing her reactions to different situations, and she constantly has the correct answers. Between now and the Olympics in Tokyo in 1964, De Nemethy will have to decide which he thinks is better, Kathy Kusner or Mary Mairs, and a lot of people will be interested in his answer.

The Canadian team in the 1964 Olympics probably will not have to survive any such suspense. Gail Ross will be there, and you can bet that her mother will be there too. Each time that Gail Ross goes to a fence her mother's shoulders move as if she were on the horse herself. She squirms in her seat and nervously puffs away on a cigarette, frequently lets out little squeals of fright. When her daughter has completed her course Mrs. Ross slumps in her seat in nervous exhaustion.

There have been reasons in the past why Mrs. Ross should be so concerned. On Saturday, October 7, 1961 Gail left the home of her companion for the evening, Lewis Scott, a 20-year-old polo player and student at Cornell University. The two had been duck shooting near Scott's home in Markham, a suburb of Toronto. After attending a dinner party at Scott's, the two began driving back toward the motel in which Gail was staying. At 2 a.m. the foreign sports car that Scott was driving went out of control on a lonely road, crashed into two trees, and Scott was killed instantly. It was three hours before some early morning duck hunters found Gail Ross lying beside the wreckage with a fractured skull and her jaw broken in three places.

One month later she appeared in the Royal in Toronto with her jaw wired and her diet consisting solely of soup. She rode her favorite horse, Pinnacle, and won the jumping title.

This year, aside from Pinnacle, which she has been riding mostly in the international competitions, Gail has ridden Thunderbird and Wings of Gold, both owned by her parents. She won 44 first-place awards, plus 28 reserve championships at various Canadian shows.

"Pinnacle," says Gail Ross, "is the horse that got me wherever I might be now. He's 12. He put me on the map. I got him when I was in grade eight. He's a marvelous jumper. He started me jumping. There are times when I ride him that I can almost hear what he is thinking. Sometimes he thinks, 'You're crazy, what are you trying to do to me? Ease off a little.' When we win, though, he's *usually* good enough to let me pose with him for a picture. Most of the time when the pictures come out he looks a heck of a lot better than I do." **END**

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ARTIST DIETZEL AT WORK ON ONE OF HIS SIGNS IN ARMY LOCKER ROOM

SUPERCHARGED APHORIST

Army's Paul Dietzel dispenses heartening phrases and develops winning football teams with equal facility as he prepares for the all-important Navy game **by REX LARDNER**

Paul Dietzel, young, blond, tall, lithe and supercharged, leaped onto the stage of Thayer Hall at West Point a couple of weeks ago, a microphone looped around his neck, and announced he had a surprise. Head coach at Army since last January and called by some the Mike Todd of college football, Dietzel (*see cover*) emcees weekly meetings of the Point's Quarterback Club, attended by cadets, officers and friends of Army. Dale Hall, Dietzel's unhappy predecessor (he lost three out of three to Navy), started the club but seldom handled the program; Dietzel, a witty speaker, a chart man, an organizer, an inveterate coiner and borrower of aphorisms and, these days, the busiest man at the Point, delights in leading it. The purpose of the mass get-togethers is to explain game strategy and allow the coach to answer questions. Two panels sit on the stage and read questions. Here and there are signs like "Bean Boston" and "Muzzle the Mutts." For Navy it was "Mothball the Fleet" and "Crumble Crabtown." Under Dietzel, Army is strong on signs, slogans and epigrams. He posts them in the team's locker room and does the artwork himself. Some of

continued

his favorite ones are scattered throughout this article.

The surprise was a genuine Republic of China coolie hat. Sixteen hats had been sent to Dietzel from Formosa by Colonel Stuart O'Malley. The imagery was clear and a roar went up. Coolie hats suggest Chinese Bandits; the Chinese Bandits are Dietzel's and now the Point's main trademark.

The Bandits idea—thought up by Dietzel at the University of Cincinnati, popularized by him when he was head coach at LSU and transported by him to the Point—may be the greatest piece of football psychology since

"You can learn more character on the two-yard line than you can anywhere in life"

Rockne's 1928 plea to the Notre Dame team at half time in the Army game to "win this one for The Gipper." The Bandits are defensive specialists, reveling in their cruel name. While they are not always the best players on the squad, they usually develop into the fiercest.

"The Bandits are getting wilder and wilder," Dietzel murmured after a recent practice, his blue-gray eyes alight with visions of what they might do to Quarterback Roger Staubach and the Navy offense. A few members of the staff had objected to the designation as being undignified, but Dietzel overrode

"The name of the game is Knock"

objections. "I could have called them Rough Riders," he says, "but that wouldn't be Paul Dietzel."

The two other Dietzel teams—the 11 best players who play both offense and defense, and the strictly offensive team—are called the Regulars and the Go team. They are more sophisticated. The Bandit uniform has a bandit on the jersey, of course, and a red Chinese bandit with a hatchet stenciled on the socks; the Go team wears rockets on its fronts and a gold stripe around the socks; but the Regulars, presumably the senior citizens of the team, play in dignified plain jerseys (with numbers, of course) and are distinguished from their fellowmen by a black stripe on their socks.

It is the Bandits, naturally, who have captured the wild enthusiasm of the corps (as they captured the enthusiasm of LSU rooters) and who inspired a scary LSU chant that went:

> Chinese Bandits on their way,
> Listen to what Confucius say!
> Chinese Bandits like to knock,
> Gonna stop a touchdown, CHOP!
> CHOP!

Applause welled up from the Quarterback Club audience as Dietzel produced one of the hats from a box and bounded down the aisle with it. He presented it to Colonel Russell (Red) Reeder, assistant director of athletics—"the chief Chinese Bandit," Dietzel called him. Reeder donned the hat, and an alert corps photographer jumped into the aisle and snapped his picture.

Bounding back on the stage, Dietzel cued the Army-George Washington film, spicing explanations of the plays with throwaways like, "I don't know how we kept from scoring on that play, but we did," and, about a reverse that failed, "One of the officers gave me that play." The audience chuckled, Army having won 14–0. The first non-West Point graduate to become head coach since 1911, Dietzel finds that sly pokes at the military go over big. So do references to Navy.

Tongue in cheek, he wondered how poor Jimmy Stewart, the Navy halfback, was. Stewart was the player who feigned injury in the game against Pitt, limped to the sideline, where he was disregarded by Pitt pass defenders, and sprinted downfield to catch a pass that gave Navy its first touchdown—a trick play often used by sandlot teams. Pitt appeared shocked by the duplicity and folded. "Well," summed up Dietzel in a kind of moral tone, "at least that shows what we're up against." The partisan audience was amused.

Beating Navy has never seemed so important to West Point and is the main reason why Dietzel was hired. At LSU, during even his lean years, his teams always managed to beat or at least tie the school's traditional rival, Tulane. Dietzel does not predict a Navy victory. Indeed, in the manner of all coaches, he high-rates his opponent, casting scorn on comparative scores that give the analyst grounds for thinking Army is stronger: Army 9, Syracuse 2; Navy 6, Syracuse 34; Army 9, Penn State 6, Navy 7, Penn State 41.

"We're not a catch-up football team," he says in outlining his strategy against Navy. "We have to play plodding, defensive football because we can't afford to get three touchdowns behind, hoping to explode for five. In football you don't win—you keep from losing." As has been the pattern at West Point in the past few years, Army is suffering grievously from injuries as the Navy game approaches, having lost, among others, its captain and right end, John Ellerson, and Linemen Marty Ryan, Al Scott and Dick (Dusty) Rhodes. A fullback succumbed to bad marks.

Quite reasonably, Dietzel is worried about Navy Halfback Johnny Sai ("a squirting type of runner who seems to float past tacklers"), Quarterback Staubach ("an amazing quarterback for a sophomore—big and runs and passes well. Staubach makes them go") and Fullback Pat Donnelly. He credits Navy with having greater depth than Army ("Three athletes come to Navy for every one that comes to Army—I take my hat off to their recruiting program"), a deathly passing game with Staubach and Ron Klemick throwing ("We've been an easy team to pass against") and a great deal of spirit. "Navy will have lots of momentum going for this game," he says. It will also have actor-player Stewart, who is, despite his lack of height (he is

"The difference between a hero and an also-ran is the guy who hangs on for one last gasp"

only 5 feet 8 inches tall), the team's best pass catcher.

Army does not have a skittering breakaway runner, though Halfbacks Ken Waldrop and John Seymour are fast and Fullback Ray Paske is sometimes hard to stop on plunges. But Army also has the Bandits, who many people think are a better defensive team than Navy's best; and, a team which depends on kicking as a tactical maneuver, it has one of the country's best punters in Dick Peterson, who kicks for distance or out of bounds with equal facility. "We may rely a lot on Peterson," says Dietzel, pointing out in the next breath that Navy has a good punter, too.

To add to his problems, Dietzel expects a wily trick to come from Navy Coach Wayne Hardin who, besides fooling Pittsburgh with his fake-injury play, fooled Boston College passers a few weeks ago by having his team show up in uniforms almost identical with Boston's, collecting more than enough in-

terceptions to win the game. In last year's game against Army, the Navy halfbacks, fullbacks and ends wore helmets painted with orange fluorescent paint so they would stand out for the Navy passers to spot.

Last week, possibly trying to gain a psychological advantage over tough Southern California, Hardin shocked USC's Coach John McKay by accusing the latter's team of using a number of

"It's a short trip from the penthouse to the outhouse."

illegal maneuvers, including one to draw the opponents offside. "I will be very surprised," says Dietzel, "if Wayne does not come up with some gimmick in Philadelphia. Maybe it will be a platoon of Waves parachuting onto the field to disconcert my boys. The only way to handle a psychologizer like Hardin is to expect anything and stay loose." If Dietzel has something up his sleeve to disconcert Navy, it is, naturally, a top military secret.

Dietzel, in fact, is full of gimmicks himself, most of which are calculated to inspire and some of which boost his team's efficiency. At "the proving grounds" (as Dietzel calls the practice field) is a board on which the names of the players are hung in their proper positions on the team they have qualified for. The Bandits' names are on a red background, the Go team's on gold, the Regulars' on black. At games the Bandits sit on a red bench, the Gos on gold and the Regulars on black. The position of each player is indicated on the bench, so that the right guard, say, always sits in the same spot.

Dietzel is the first coach to use a color system for rating his players. Monday morning a Christmasy chart is posted showing players how the coaches rated their performances in the previous game.

When films—on which Dietzel relies even more than most coaches—are shown, members of each team sit in specified locations in the projection room, near the coaches most concerned with their particular platoons. (Dietzel's coaches are called associate rather than assistant coaches.) Between halves of games, rather than give pep talks, Dietzel shows quickly developed still pictures of players' moves (the bad ones, mainly) made during the first half. "A picture is worth 10,000 words," he says pleasantly, quoting a phrase attributed to Confucius. "You can tell a player what he's doing wrong and he may not believe you. Show him a photo and he'll believe you."

Whatever criticism may be leveled against Dietzel—his breaking an earlier Army contract to become head coach at LSU, his breaking an LSU contract to become head coach at Army, his allowing (or so opponents claim) Army cheers at the Point's Michie Stadium to be amplified, demoralizing visiting teams—his teams do seem to have fun playing football. This is partly because of his three-platoon system, which guarantees nearly every player a chance to get into the game; it is partly his outgoing, peppy personality, unusual in a football coach and particularly in an Army football coach; and it is partly his reliance on gimmicks, which former Head Coach Earl (Red) Blaik, an occasional user of them himself, deplores (SI, May 28).

For all his glad-hand and courtly ways, Dietzel is a hard loser, brooding about a lost game for months afterwards. After Michigan beat Army in early October, Dietzel was extremely depressed and refused to read the papers about the game. "It was like having a bright new shiny car and seeing it plunge to destruction into an abyss," he says. Losing to a supposedly weak Oklahoma State 12–7 two weeks ago was even harder to take, but Dietzel blamed himself for not getting his team up and feels Army may be the better for it—come Navy.

Dietzel, who neither smokes nor drinks and is an enthusiastic member of the Fellowship of Christian Athletes, which frowns on smoking and drinking, set up pins in a bowling alley as a youngster for clothes money (his parents were divorced when he was 7), was an assistant butcher while attending college and at one time thought of becoming a doctor. However, after being selected to the Little All-America (he was center on the Miami University, Ohio team and its captain) he was persuaded by his coach, Sid Gillman, to take up coaching football. Dietzel went to West Point as plebe coach in 1948, to the University of Cincinnati in 1949, to the University of Kentucky (under Bear Bryant) in 1951, to West Point a second time in 1953 and to LSU in 1955. "We never thought of Paul as anything but a West Point coach," says Colonel Emory Adams, athletic director at the academy. "It's as though he's finally come home."

continued



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It is safe to say that Dietzel, with his effusive personality and sporty pepper-and-salt jackets, has changed the Point more than it has changed him. After the Penn State game—Army's biggest win of the year—where cadets in the stands wore coolie hats, a cadet captain was heard to remark that the place was getting to be more like a college campus every day. In one game the cadets were even using the phrase "To hell with Tech" as a cheer. Dietzel himself never says anything stronger than dadburn.

To the end of beating Navy, Dietzel works a 16-hour day, watching films, planning game strategy, overseeing scrimmages in his briskly competent way ("Let's fire up there, Gos!"), urging some of the players to improve their grades, coloring his charts and sketching his signs ("When the going gets tough, the tough get going" is one of the latest).

Whether his gimmicks—or Wayne Hardin's—are worthwhile or not will not be determined, by Army's stern criterion, until after Army plays Navy. At another recent Quarterback Club meeting Dietzel discussed Army's schedule—which some criticize as being too easy—and concluded with uncharacteristic grimness. "That last game, you understand, is fairly important to me." It sure is. **END**

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Photographs by Lee Balterman

Utah's sensational Billy McGill moved into professional basketball this season with more expectations than any other rookie, but the hard pro play and the hard pro life have him sitting on the bench

by ***WILLIAM BARRY FURLONG***

NOT MIXIN' OR MANGLIN'

During the night, the season's first snow had fallen. "And I don't have any antifreeze in the car," said Bill McGill. He worried the Austin Healey 3000 into a parking space near the Chicago Coliseum and eased his 6 feet 9 inches out of it like a beach chair unfolding. "This is a West Coast car," he said, touching the soft top and white body. He glanced down Wabash Avenue and its grotesquely gangling symbols of big-city life—the power lines, the telephone poles, the "L" tracks just to the west—and for a moment it looked as bleak as Bill's experiences in Chicago. "Sure wish I was back home in Los Angeles," he said softly.

At that moment, Billy McGill was going through a crisis of confidence. In less than seven weeks he had been transformed from a serene and storied college player—so highly regarded that he had been the first draft choice in the entire NBA—to a shaken skeleton who could hardly even get into a game with the team that drafted him, the Chicago Zephyrs. At the University of Utah last season he was widely considered as unstoppable as a glacier. He averaged 38.8 points per game and his one-season total of 1,009 points had been bettered in college by only two players—Frank Selvy (1,209) and Oscar Robertson (1,011). His college coach called him the "greatest offensive center in the history of college basketball." A rival coach who once

continued

assigned three men to guard McGill said, "We did great; we held him to 41 points." But since he joined the Zephyrs last September the appreciations of Bill McGill have taken on a new tone.

"He plays like he's a stranger to the game, like he's in a fog," says one front-office man with the Zephyrs. "He just doesn't seem to have the moves," says another. McGill was benched for the first three games of the season, finally



FRANK LANE: The voluble general manager had three silent breakfasts with Billy.

played 12 minutes in a fourth and has spent most of the time since on the bench. "You wonder," he said cheerlessly, "'Am I this bad?' You get to thinking, 'Maybe I am.'"

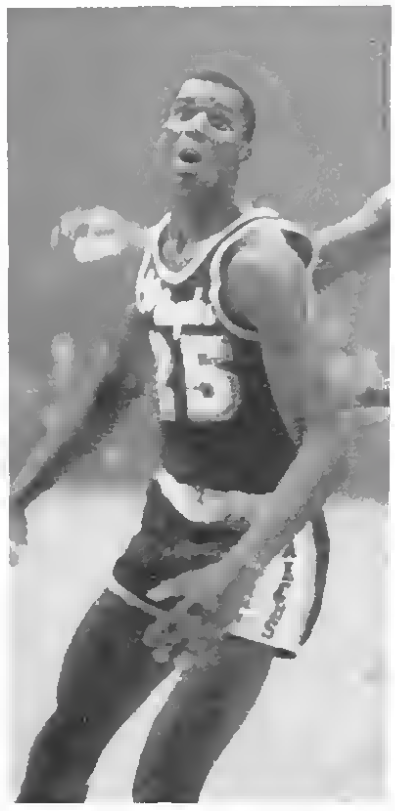
What happened to Bill McGill has happened before to youngsters taking the giant step upward in sports, whether in baseball or boxing, basketball or football. Only with McGill it happened harder and had been expected less. For three years he had been honored and acclaimed at Utah. Yet he never developed the vast reserves of ego, of arrogance, of happy conceit that sustain other men in their dark hours.

The first time that Utah Basketball Coach Jack Gardner snapped at him during a workout, McGill's performance collapsed. "Would it be better if I took you to one side after this, where the rest of them can't hear?" asked Gardner. McGill nodded, and thereafter Gardner approached McGill about his flaws most discreetly. Even as a senior, McGill was so self-conscious that the school's athletic department made it a policy of allowing photographs—other than action shots during games—to be taken at a time and place when nobody, not even his teammates, would be present. In college Bill's play—easy, graceful, filled with the élan of vast success—hardly mirrored this dark torment of uncertainty within him. Today it does, and the sight is a hard one for those who saw McGill as a college player to believe or understand.

It was known all along that in the bone-rattling ballet that is professional basketball McGill could hardly play his old college position: center. At 207 pounds—the most he has ever weighed—he is much too light; at 6 feet 9 he is none too tall. Moreover, the Zephyrs had—in 235-pound, high-scoring Walt Bellamy—a center who moves through the congress of flying elbows like a tiger with a toothache.

What the Zephyrs needed was a forward who could pour in shots from the outside with drumbeat regularity. The Zephyrs thought that McGill would be the man. Their last-place finish in 1961–62 gave them the first draft choice, and McGill was it. "All summer," says Jack McMahon, the new, thorough and demanding Zephyr coach, "I prayed he'd be spectacular."

All summer McGill labored to answer McMahon's prayers. The most drastic change he faced was one of orientation. Throughout his career McGill played with his back to the basket. Now, as a forward, he had to learn to play while facing the basket. Where once he shot with an almost instinctive knowledge of where the basket was located behind him, now he had to fake, maneuver and drive while looking at the basket. He also had to develop the complex moves of a forward—the constant alertness of defense, the drive for the basket when he didn't have the ball (in contrast to the schoolboy custom of driving only when you have it), the pinpoint-accurate passing, the neat, clean economy of shooting. (In the Brobdingnagian world of pro basketball the apogee of the art is not the long, sweeping, picturesque hook shot of the college player—at which McGill was masterful—but the dunk shot snapped through the nets like a letter thrust into a mailbox.) He worked hard, as he always has at his game, even practicing for a while with the Lakers in Los Angeles. He felt loose and confident in these workouts. "I thought I was learning pretty well," he recalls. On September 10 he reported to the Zephyr training camp in



STIFF AND TENSE, McGILL STAYS WITH

Burlington, Wis. "Mentally, I was ready to go," says McGill. "I was eager."

McMahon watched, eager too, at first, then fearful as McGill let himself be pushed around, neither fighting for position nor rebounding. "In this league," says one of his teammates, "to play forward or the pivot, you've either got to be very strong to fight for the ball or, if you're not, you've got to be an exceptional jumper." In a lamentably short while it was apparent that McGill was neither strong nor a jumper.

Quickly the word got out: "He's a wonderful shot, but he kills you on de-

fense." His critics drew up a catalog of horrors about McGill: he dribbled too high, he couldn't get to the backboards for rebounds, he was easily faked out on defense, he looked cautiously for a spot on the floor from which he could loose his delicate, arching shots. This last fault was critical, for it gave the pros the half second needed to smother the shot before it ever got off.

And now, like a spectator at a movie catching the first vague scent of smoke, McGill became aware of a distressing



LAKERS' ELLIS IN FIRST PRO GAME

difference between college and professional sports. In college the coach is, ideally, a teacher; he undertakes to develop the youth as an athlete and as a man. In professional sports the coach is a strategist, a disciplinarian, a public relations man and, in the NBA, a freelance traveling secretary. He is not expected to be a developer of talent. He expects the talent to be ready for the test. Such a man is McMahon. Under his guidance the Zephyrs were completely rebuilt. McMahon gave them a coherent offense and an appreciation of defense. After-practice drills were given to the rookies with poise, such as Terry Dischinger, Mel Nowell and Don Nelson, and they were able to work on their faults alone. McGill got such drills, too, but his technical weaknesses were too great and his discouragement was overwhelming the ability he had.

His own bashfulness greatly inhibited him, too. "He doesn't talk much," says Mrs. William Harris, who rented him a third-floor room in the Harris home on South Michigan Avenue. "I tell him I want him to feel our home is his home," she says. "He just say 'All right' and go back to his room and shut the door."

Least of all has he been able to talk to his coach. "I didn't even know he could talk," said McMahon at one point. Nor did McMahon much explore the possibility. "Around the locker room, in the planes, I don't know—*everywhere* —he'd talk with everybody and I kept thinking I just couldn't get to talking with him," says McGill.

Frank Lane, the volatile, opinionated general manager of the Zephyrs, did approach McGill, but such an effusive personality was hardly likely to provide solace for an unhappy introvert. "I went to breakfast with him three straight mornings and he didn't even grunt," says Lane.

The first time McGill walked into the Zephyr dressing room he instinctively took a locker where he would be virtually alone. During games he sat at the farthest end of the bench, as if in self-mortification for being considered the poorest man on the team. When he left the Coliseum he would retreat to his room, shut the door, read and reread his mail. "I don't feel like myself," he said.

The most shattering blow came when he realized that McMahon didn't think he was good enough even to get into the exhibition games of what had been the worst team in NBA history. "The only ones we lost were those he played in," says one Zephyr staff member. The Zephyrs had a complex problem: last year they set a new NBA record by losing 62 of their 80 games. Attendance fell off steeply and losses topped $250,000. They had to demonstrate to Chicago fans that they could win. Zephyr officials felt they could not afford to lose games while McGill developed.

"But the No. 1 draft choice," says McGill with mystification. "You'd think that he could get into a game for a minute or two." He recalled the teams that the Zephyrs had played during the exhibition season and how they had used rookies. "St. Louis, Beaty played. Los Angeles, Ellis played." As he considered the problem, his eyes remained, as always, downcast. "You get to thinking, 'What's the reason for all this?' " he said. The answer at first seemed incomprehensible to him and to his longtime friends: that McMahon really didn't believe he had much in the way of basketball talent. "Then you think," McGill went on, " 'Well, maybe he's right.' "



JACK McMAHON: The coach's summer hopes are becoming a winter of discontent.

The league season started and McGill didn't stir off the bench for three games. "Every game you have hope," he says. "You sit there in the first quarter and you think, 'Well, maybe I'll get in during the second quarter.' Then it's the third quarter and the fourth quarter and suddenly the game is over and you haven't played." After the Zephyrs lost by one point to the St. Louis Hawks, he said, "I thought I could really have helped them there."

The next day he unburdened some of his woes to Dave Trager, the Zephyr

continued



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president. That night he got into an NBA game for the first time—at center, not at forward. ("They couldn't think of anyplace else to play him," said one Zephyr staff member.) The move was dictated partially by necessity and partially by opportunity. Walter Bellamy had acquired three fouls in the first 13 minutes of a game against the Los Angeles Lakers. Preserving his usefulness for later in the game, McMahon benched him temporarily. McMahon shrewdly chose McGill to replace Bellamy when the Lakers inserted LeRoy Ellis, also a rookie, also very slender, at the pivot. Thus McGill would not encounter, in his first offensive sortie, the chastening experience of feeling as if he were playing with a marble pillar—either Jim Krebs or Rudy LaRusso—behind him.

In the first few moments McGill missed a shot or two, then sank a sweeping, picturesque hook shot. ("He try that against Krebs," muttered a fan, "and Krebs will break his back.") After tipping in a shot, McGill found Krebs back in the game, and suddenly he looked like a chipmunk scurrying about through a forest of redwoods. He'd get the ball, look for a hole, find Krebs guarding it and abruptly pass the ball out. He got six points for his 12 minutes. "I felt tight," he recalls. "It seemed I was so pressed. My hook—I mean I *know* I could make it when I was in college."

McGill has been used sparingly since. "It looks like I'll always play behind Walt," he now says. That's a future as happy as not playing at all, for Bellamy's stature in the NBA is growing swiftly and he figures to be in for 40 to 48 minutes a game. The Zephyrs would not cut McGill and they cannot trade him, according to league rules governing a first-draft choice, until mid-December. They are not working to improve him either, yet Coach McMahon says, "I haven't said completely no on him by a long shot." McGill, unable to adjust to playing forward, seems to be resigning himself mentally—and reluctantly—to playing second-string center.

Such is the plight of Utah's superstar today. At 23 he is an immensely likable youth, filled with a high regard for the ordinary decisions of life, as incorruptible as arithmetic, movingly touched with melancholia. "He's not the kind to go mixin' and manglin'," says a friend. And that's the trouble, for the NBA is a mixin', manglin' business. **END**



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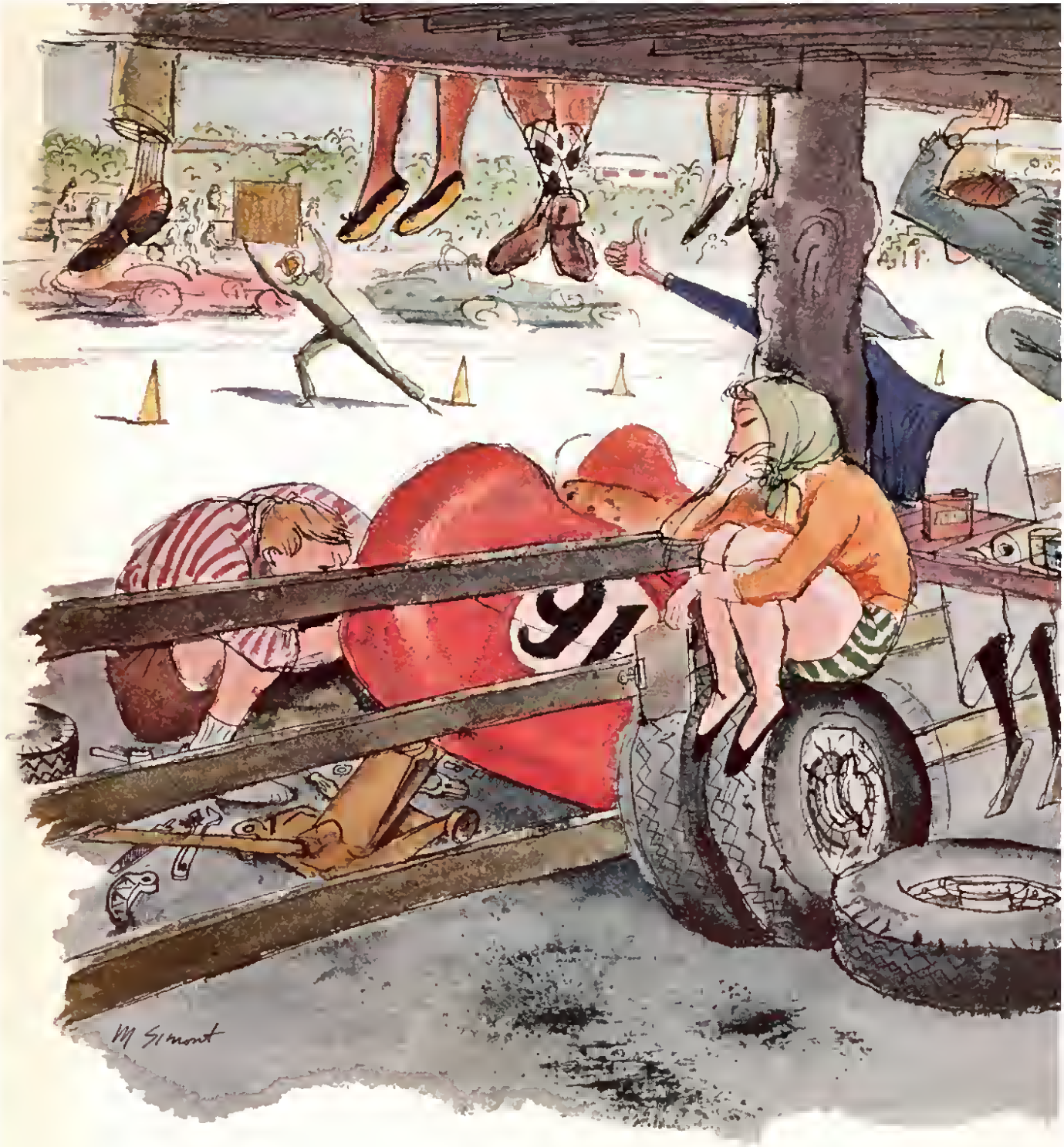
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Nuts and Bolts in Nassau Town



For most of the year Nassau drowses under balmy skies. But for a fortnight in late fall—they call it Bahamas Speed Weeks, mon—unmuffled hell breaks loose, and so, Artist Marc Simont found, do some of the balmiest types around



Next week it starts again—many of the world's best sports cars and drivers are noisily on display at Nassau, before a wonderfully diverse audience that always includes small boys with adhesive feet and backsides. They'll cling to their perches until it's all over, and the cars embark (right).



Exotic species thrive under Nassau's tropical sun. Here, as a flagrant example, is a Speed Weeks Pit Man, positioning a Formula Junior driver (hirsute subspecies). He may not be dressed like a pit man, or be shaped like one, but he's a pit man, nevertheless, and a pretty distinctive doll, isn't she?





Nobody thinks of Speed Weeks as all racing. For mechanics it may mean desperate nightlong toil (left) if there is trouble beneath the hood. Yet racing somehow intrudes even in Nassau nightclubs. Ignoring the 40-26-38 damsel who's doing the limbo, a table of buffs (upper right), is outrageously engrossed in car talk. The sailor is not a motor racing fan. When the fortnight is done and the crowds have gone, there is a Bahamian remedy for overracing. The man at right indulges in it—a rare old analgesic concocted principally of West Indies rum.





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The AAU yields its sole control of track and field

Goaded by Attorney General Robert Kennedy, the Amateur Athletic Union and the NCAA resolved their principal differences—mostly on the side of the collegians

The bitter struggle between the Amateur Athletic Union and the various federations that have set up autonomous organizations in other sports was settled, more or less, last week—thanks to the last-minute intervention of Attorney General Robert Kennedy.

Although published reports of the closed meeting in New York between the warring factions leave the impression that the AAU walked away from the meeting with all the plums, this was not the case. The federation groups, headed by the National Collegiate Athletic Association, came off far better. In fact, the AAU will no longer be the controlling body of amateur sport.

The new agreement

The argument between the two groups has been centered around selection of coaches for teams traveling to meets outside the country and international representation in track and field. The new agreement gives the United States Track and Field Federation (the NCAA-sponsored body) the right to select Olympic coaches and athletes. After the 1964 Olympics Colonel Donald Hull, the energetic new head of the AAU, has agreed that international representation will be by a "coalition" group, in which the AAU and the federation will have six men each on a governing committee. This represents precisely what the federation wanted: an equal and firm voice in the policies of amateur athletics in the U.S.

The NCAA and AAU representatives met November 12 at the Olympic House on Park Avenue and argued for some 13 hours without making any discernible progress. Informed of the deadlock, Bob Kennedy flew to New York and took over the chair from Tug Wilson, head of the U.S. Olympic Committee, at 9 p.m. He quickly directed the discussion away from the recriminations that had occupied most of the day.

"I'm not interested in the past," Kennedy said. "I'm interested in what is happening right now. Say I'm a 100-yard-dash man and I compete in a federation meet not sanctioned by the AAU. Would I be eligible for the 1964 Olympics or not?"

After a hurried huddle, the AAU officials present said, "No."

Kennedy in effect said bosh, then brought forth a proposal. He asked the AAU if it would agree to let him arbitrate the dispute if all else failed. The AAU delegation caucused, came back with a refusal. Kennedy put the same question to the federation representatives. In the federation caucus, the NCAA's executive director, Walter Byers, said, "We don't want the Government looking down our throat, let's agree." All assented, and the federation group told Kennedy that they would be most happy to let him arbitrate the difficulties.

At this point the AAU—still unwilling to accept arbitration but even more reluctant to defy the Attorney General—began to move toward a settlement. In the next few hours the principal differences were resolved. It was further agreed that the specifics of the settlement would be kept secret, so that both organizations could obtain the concurrence of their members before announcing terms. Following the meeting, however, news releases, apparently inspired by unofficial AAU sources, misleadingly indicated that the settlement represented a drastic retreat by the federation. A cautiously worded joint statement issued by Byers and Hull did little to clear up the ambiguities.

Nevertheless, Colonel Hull remarked, "If I had to say that one or the other of the groups made the most concessions, I would say it was the AAU. Both groups gave up some of their pride and I suppose neither organization likes doing that. We wanted to keep the terms secret because too much press might give our members the wrong impression. We still have some small hurdles and some fine points to decide, but I think we will be able to negotiate in the new atmosphere."

Under the new setup, the AAU will continue to perform the function it has fulfilled since its founding—providing a stage for competition among postgraduate athletes. The federation is not set up for this kind of competition and most of its activity will be at the undergraduate level.

Joint championship

If, in a predominantly collegiate meet, an open event is run, then the AAU will sanction the event. As the program is now envisioned, there will be three national track and field championships—a collegiate championship, an AAU championship and a coalition championship—to select the top athletes in the U.S. each year for international competition. After 1964 the "coalition" would be the certifying body for the international competition; until then, the AAU, which has always held the U.S. membership in the international governing body, the IAAF, will retain that right.

Hull, though reluctant to say definitely

continued

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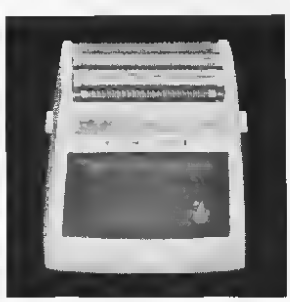
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that the AAU has agreed to give up its absolute power on the international scene, still would not deny that a change is in the offing in two years.

"I would not say right now that the AAU will be the international representative of the U.S. in track and field after the 1964 Olympics," he said, carefully. "But the AAU certainly will be a part of whatever coalition group is the international body."



OPPOSING LEADERS, Walter Byers (*left*) of the NCAA and Colonel Donald Hull of the AAU, argued their positions during marathon meeting at New York's Olympic House.

It is unlikely that the AAU could ever have brought itself to compromise under its old leadership. Colonel Hull, who retired from the Army to accept the post of AAU executive director a year ago, is a far more flexible and intelligent man than the poobahs who were replaced under pressure.

"I'm married to the daughter of an NCAA coach," he said the other day. "The guys I have been arguing with are my friends. We were diametrically opposed. Unfortunately, the arguments were based on the memory of past disagreements and on personalities. We had to stop every now and then and walk out of the room to take a smoke so that we would not do anything we would regret later. Chick and I [Chick Werner, the track coach at Pennsylvania State University who quit his job to become the first executive director of the federation] decided at the last meeting that we would keep the discussion to concrete points. But we couldn't do it until Kennedy arrived and took over the chair. He's a pistol. I'd hate to have him on the other side from me in anything.

"I don't know why we kept punching each other," he said. "Both the AAU and the federation want the same thing—the best athletic program we can come up with for the United States. We have a clear-cut responsibility. The undergraduate athlete has scholarships to keep him going. The postgraduate athlete has to work; no one wants to provide for him. I think that we must see that he is properly rewarded for his efforts and that he is given a wide opportunity for competition."

The agreement reached in New York must still be ratified by the general membership of the AAU and by the various groups that constitute the United States Track and Field Federation. If the agreement is endorsed, inevitably it would become a model for similar contracts in the other sports that have split away from the AAU—notably basketball and gymnastics.

Complete agreement in all the sports would represent the best program for the selection of U.S. athletes for international competition, either for dual meets such as those between the United States and Russia or at the Olympic level. It would also represent a giant step forward. Should the New York agreement not be ratified, then Mr. Kennedy has a perfect right to step in and use whatever muscle is at his call to make sure that it is. **END**

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The sad case of the missing quarterback

Even by sorrowful Coach Mike Holovak's standards, things were going well for the Boston Patriots in the big game in Houston. Then Babe Parilli was hurt and the Oilers were in first place

Mike Holovak is a quiet, curiously gentle man for a football coach. The night before his Boston Patriots play, he eats an early dinner, then secludes himself in his hotel room on the road, or in his own room at home, and suffers.

"I know I am not fit company for anyone," he said in Houston the other day before the Patriots played the Oilers, with the Eastern Division lead in the American Football League at stake. Holovak's voice was soft and seemed ridiculously high for so big a man. "I think a thousand things the night before a game," he went on. "I imagine every kind of disaster happening to us." No matter how lively Holovak's imagination was on the Saturday night before the Houston game, it could not have encompassed all the sorrows that befell him the next afternoon as the Patriots lost to Houston 21–17.

ON OFFENSE, QUIET HOLOVAK WATCHES—BUT NEVER COACHES—FROM SIDELINE



Unlike many coaches in professional football, Holovak does not believe in calling plays for his team. He depends entirely on, and has complete faith in, Babe Parilli, the seasoned quarterback who had led the Patriots into first place. "Parilli knows exactly what he wants to do in every game," Holovak said. "All I would do by sending in plays from the sideline would be to destroy the continuity of his thinking. He knows more of what is going on from the field than I do from the bench. He gets information from linemen and ends and backs that I don't get. What we learn from the press box I can tell him while our defensive team is in the game."

Unfortunately for Holovak, Parilli did not play long on Sunday. A confident, quick operator, Parilli marched the Patriots for a touchdown the first time Boston had the ball. Running the team briskly, he whipsawed the big Houston defensive team with quick slants inside and outside the tackles, then hit flanker Jim Colclough over the drawn-in defense with a beautifully thrown pass that carried 28 yards for the touchdown. At this point Parilli and the Patriots seemed securely in control of the game.

Then, early in the second quarter, Parilli was tackled violently by Houston's Bill Herchman. He left the game with a broken collarbone and was replaced by substitute Tom Yewcic, who had seen almost no action this season. Yewcic, under enormous pressure, did very well, but even though Boston came close, it did not have the closing punch Parilli could have given the team.

Indeed, it took courageous effort for the Patriots to stay as close as they did. The Oilers are strong defensively. The

continued



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defense, in fact, has been carrying the team, and this has been especially so ever since Halfback Billy Cannon injured his back in San Diego. Cannon is not yet running with the old reckless abandon that brought him the league rushing title last year. But the defense is, and against Boston it blitzed on almost every play. On every fourth play, it put on a super blitz with even the safety man red-dogging. Generally successful, the maneuver did backfire once when Yewcic caught the safety coming in and threw down the middle to Ron Burton, completing a neat 69-yard touchdown pass.

Coach Pop Ivy, in his first year with the Oilers, has turned increasingly to the weird double- and triple-wing offenses which never proved very successful when he coached the St. Louis Cardinals of the National Football League. Unless adjustments are made, Houston may have trouble holding on to its lead against the Patriots—who are enormously scrappy and aggressive, and by no means a one-man team.

This Boston success is clearly a tribute to Holovak. When he took the club over last season Boston had been floundering sadly under Lou Saban, the ex-Cleveland linebacker who now coaches the Buffalo Bills.

"Saban, I think, was too intense for this team," one Boston official said the other day. "He had them wound up so tight they couldn't play well. Mike is a low-key guy. He relaxed them and made a few changes in personnel, and they began to look like a different club."

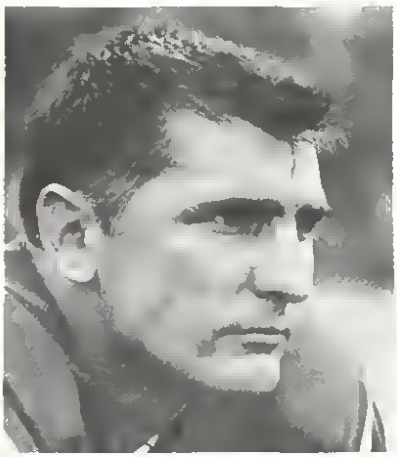
In the 19 league games the team has played under Holovak, it has won 13, lost four and tied two. Oddly enough, all four losses have been to the AFL's two Texas teams—the Dallas Texans and the Oilers. Aside from Parilli and Ron Burton, an All-America halfback in college, the Patriots are made up of a bunch of players who might be named Joe. Gino Cappelletti, an offensive end who catches short passes very well and kicks field goals, was the sixth best defensive back on the Patriots two years ago. Holovak, who has a sharp eye for the peculiar talents demanded by each position on the team, suggested that Cappelletti be tried at offensive end. Cappelletti responded by scoring 147 points last season, a league record.

Larry Garron, who is as good a fullback as there is in the AFL, came to the Patriots with the nickname of Iron Claws. As a pass receiver, he had hands as soft as frying pans. Holovak put him at fullback, where, instead of having the ball thrown to him, he was handed it. At fullback he could also use his sprinter's speed and his extraordinary power as a runner and blocker.

The other fullback is Jim Crawford, a rodeo performer from Wyoming who has a gentleman's agreement with the club not to ride bulls during the off season although he is still permitted to rope calves and bulldog steers. At the other offensive end is Tony Romeo, who played at Florida State. Romeo is a Baptist minister who meets adversity with an inexhaustible supply of Biblical quotations and who plays football with un-Christian violence.

Although one of the tenets of professional football is that championships are

continued



LOSING QUARTERBACK, Babe Parilli, suffered broken clavicle, is out for rest of season.



WINNING COACH, Pop Ivy, new to the Oilers, is shooting for a third straight league title.



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won with defense, the extraordinary Patriots managed to lead the Eastern Division half the season with the worst defense in the AFL. Before the Oiler game, Holovak worried about George Blanda's passing attack for Houston, as well he might—his pass defenders had given up more yardage than any other club.

"I don't think we will be able to put any pressure on him," Holovak said, sorrowfully. "He gets rid of the ball so quick. And they block real well for him. We'll just try to drop back and cover all the receivers and let the front line take care of as much pass rush as they can manage. I sure hope it works."

As it turned out, the maligned Patriot defense performed extremely well. During the course of the dank, blustery afternoon, the young Patriot defensive backs intercepted five passes. The line limited the supposedly tough Houston running game to 99 yards, stopping Cannon almost in his tracks.

"I thought they played well," Holovak said after the game. He sounded even sadder than when he had predicted trouble the night before. "They only made a couple of mistakes—but those cost us touchdowns."

Besides the loss of Parilli, a crushing enough blow in itself, the Patriots were deprived of their best defensive tackle in the second half when Jess Richardson, late of the Philadelphia Eagles, protested too loudly on a questionable call by one of the officials. Charlie Hennigan, an Oiler end, fumbled as he was tackled and the Patriots recovered, but the official ruled that the ball had been dead before Hennigan lost possession. This occurred in the fourth quarter, with time of the essence. Richardson, in his fury, brushed the official, who piled calamity on disaster by stepping off a 15-yard penalty in addition to thumbing Richardson out. Later the official told one of the Patriots that it had been a bad call, a generous admission but hardly one calculated to soothe Boston.

"It's been like this all season," Jim Colclough said bitterly after the game. "We fight and fight and fight and every break in the game goes against us. When is it going to change?"

If the breaks begin to come the Patriots' way, the Oilers, who now lead Boston by a half game, may not win their third straight AFL championship. Even without Parilli, the Patriots could replace them. **END**

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continued



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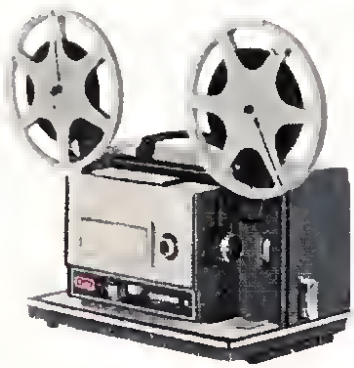
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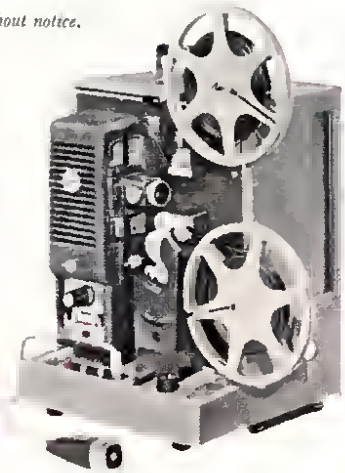
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of a presidential table on festive occasions as the Beltsville turkey is in most American homes this week. Just how varied was this abundance is indicated by the menu of one of Andrew Jackson's dinners at The White House, described in a letter written by a visiting Pennsylvanian to his daughter in 1834:

"The table was very splendidly laid out and illuminated. . . . The first course was soup in the French style, then beef bouille, next wild turkey boned and dressed with brains; after that fish, then chicken cold and dressed white, interlaided with slices of tongue and garnished with dressed salad, then canvass back ducks and celery, afterwards partridges with sweetbreads and last pheasants and old Virginia ham." And then there were the desserts. Mercifully, American menus —even presidential ones—have been considerably modified since those days. Four courses rather than 14 are Mrs. Kennedy's rule. And turkey, duck, partridge and pheasant no longer appear at the same meal, but are treated with the honor due their excellence and rarity.

Game birds, whether brought home from the field or the market, should be treated simply, as they were in the days when there were more than enough to go around. Thomas Jefferson was well aware of this culinary fact. He was not content merely to bring the birds home, but gave specific instructions for their preparation. His recipe for wild duck is given below.

From Thomas Jefferson's Cook Book by Marie Kimball (Garrett & Massie, Inc.)

THOMAS JEFFERSON'S WILD DUCK

Put into each of your ducks a small onion, ½ teaspoonful of salt, ¼ teaspoonful of pepper and 1 tablespoonful of red wine. Put in a very hot oven [for modern cooks: preheated to 425°] and roast 20 minutes. Meantime make a gravy of the necks and gizzards, 1 tablespoonful of red wine, half an anchovy (or 2 anchovy fillets), a blade of mace, 1 onion, salt and a dash of cayenne pepper. Cook in 2 cups of water and simmer until reduced to 1 cup. Strain through a fine sieve and pour over the ducks.

At The White House today Mrs. Kennedy's chef, Rene Verdon, treats game with the same respect that Jefferson demanded for it at Monticello. Verdon's pheasant *ambassade* is typical of the classical approach to game bird cookery.

PHEASANT AMBASSADE

One 2½-pound pheasant
3 strips larding pork
6 tablespoons butter
4 truffles, cut into 12 slices
1 cup brown sauce
¾ cup Madeira
¼ cup brandy

Truss legs and wings of pheasant close to body. Rub skin with a little salt. Cover breast of bird with strips of larding pork. Place in roasting pan along with 4 tablespoons butter. Roast in a preheated 425° oven for 45 minutes. Several minutes before removing pheasant from oven, heat 2 tablespoons butter in a heavy casserole (one which has a tight-fitting lid). Add truffle slices and sauté several minutes.

Remove bird from oven. Discard larding pork and trussing cord. Transfer to casserole. Skim all fat from roasting pan. Into remaining pan juices stir brown sauce and Madeira. Heat to boiling point, stirring constantly until smooth. Now stir in brandy. Pour over pheasant and cover casserole tightly. To make an even tighter seal, cover lid and about a third of the casserole with heavy foil, pressing foil down hard. Return to oven and continue roasting at the same high temperature for 15 minutes longer.

For Thanksgiving, the season when turkey is most often the bird on the table, here is another presidential recipe. It is a sauce taken from a collection of White House recipes of the 19th century. Once used for wild turkey, it is just as suitable for the supermarket bird.

CHESTNUT SAUCE

1 pound chestnuts
1 teaspoon coriander seeds
½ teaspoon salt
1 small bay leaf
1 to 1½ cups chicken or turkey stock
4 tablespoons butter
1 medium onion, finely chopped

Cut a cross on the flat side of chestnuts. Cover with boiling water and cook 10 minutes. Drain. Remove shells and fuzzy inner coating of nuts. Combine chestnuts with coriander seeds, salt, bay leaf and enough boiling water almost to cover. Cook another 10 minutes. Drain and discard bay leaf.

Blend chestnut mixture with about ⅓ cup of stock in an electric blender until you have a smooth paste. If you have no blender, use a mortar and pestle or a potato masher.

Melt butter in a saucepan. Stir in onion and cook until limp. Mix in chestnut paste and enough stock to make sauce the consistency of thin white sauce. Add more salt and pepper if needed and strain through a fine sieve. Serve with roasted bird to 6, even 8. **END**

BEAR'S BAD DAY

continued from page 17

coaches', too," he argued. "Coaches are forever harassing officials with demands not to slow down the game with penalties. Officials really ought to ignore the coaches, but they're afraid they'll be blacklisted if they antagonize them."

Despite these attempts to indict the officiating or the equipment, it is increasingly evident that the responsibility for football's roughness and football's injuries lies in football's tactics and, therefore, on football's coaches. Ernie McCoy, athletic director at Penn State and chairman of the National Collegiate Athletic Association's committee on injuries and safety, said recently, "From all the reports I get gang-tackling, helmet spearing and similar tactics are still on the rise. The tactics have come from the coaches, and they are the ones who will have to take the blame. Last spring I read one athletic journal that actually taught the use of these tactics. It even had X's marking the spot on the opponent that the boy should hit," Jack Curtice, head coach at Stanford, feels much the same way. "This is a matter for coaches," he says. "We've got to clean up this thing ourselves. You can't blame the kids as much as their instructors."

And, of course, last Saturday's Georgia Tech-Alabama game bore out that theory. Paul Bryant is famed as a teacher of rough, hard football, of football that doesn't break the rules but which stretches them to the legal limit. Bryant has written that football is a contest of "outmeaning" the other guy and physically whipping him down into defeat. But Bryant, who is proud of his reputation as a teacher of football, has become sensitive about the increasing criticism directed at him and at the style of play he has done so much to popularize. He was acutely aware that his Alabama team would be under close and critical observation in the Georgia Tech game (indeed, there were 26 photographers on the field Saturday, the most anyone has ever seen at a Southeastern Conference game). It is obvious that he wanted his team to play hard football against Georgia Tech, but equally obvious that he wanted to win both cleanly and spectacularly. Well, he lost, but the loss *was* clean and it was spectacular, and it should bring more credit to Paul Bryant as a man—and as a coach—than all his victories. Bryant may not feel that way after he has reflected on the ruin of his undefeated season—and Alabama may be hard-nosed or hard-helmeted again a week from Saturday when it meets old rival Auburn—but perhaps Old Bear will be big enough to appreciate himself and what he has done. And perhaps other coaches will follow his lead, remembering that football is properly a game of skill rather than of savagery.

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN





BACK OF THE WEEK: Georgia's slick-passing quarterback, Larry Rakestraw (*left*), threw for three touchdowns to upset Auburn 30-21.
LINEMAN OF THE WEEK: Minnesota Tackle Bob Bell stopped plays at him, around him and everywhere to halt three Purdue drives.

THE SOUTH

THE TOP THREE: 1. MISSISSIPPI (8-0) 2. LSU (7-1-1) 3. ALABAMA (6-1)

It was a tough day for favorites in the SEC. **Mississippi**, with an uneasy 7-0 lead in the third quarter and backed up to its four-yard line, got the break it needed when Louis Guy intercepted a **Tennessee** pass and ran it back 100 yards for a touchdown. The stubborn Vols finally fell, 19-6, but only after a swinging free-for-all in the last period.

Georgia's Bulldogs, harmless most of the fall, suddenly turned on unsuspecting **Auburn**. Quarterback Larry Rakestraw pitched three touchdown passes to Halfback Don Porterfield, sophomore Joe Burson ran 87 yards with an intercepted pass, and Georgia surprised the wounded Tigers 30-21.

Florida barely escaped a similar fate. Just when it seemed that **Florida State**, sitting on a 7-6 lead, was headed for its first victory over the Gators, Hagood Clarke ran back a punt 63 yards, and Florida pulled through 20-7. But **Xavier** caught undermanned **Kentucky** with its weary defenses dragging and won 14-9. Things were easier for **LSU**, which whomped **Mississippi State** 28-0, and, strangely enough, for **Vanderbilt**. After 16 straight losses, Vandy beat **Tulane** 20-0.

While ACC leader **Duke** romped merrily over **Wake Forest** 50-0, **Clemson** and **Maryland** fought for second place. With the score tied at 14-14, Clemson on the Terps' two and 1:22 to play, even Coach Frank Howard "didn't know much what to do." But the officials solved his dilemma. They penalized the Tigers back to the seven for illegal procedure. So Howard sent in Rod Rogers, who kicked a 23-yard field goal to win for Clemson 17-14.

THE MIDWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. WISCONSIN (7-1) 2. MINNESOTA (6-1-1) 3. OKLAHOMA (6-2)

The Big Ten, once so full of contenders, was suddenly down to two—**Wisconsin** and **Minnesota**—and they were ready to settle the issue Saturday after **Northwestern** and **Purdue**, the midseason dark horses, expired quietly. But the big question—who would go to the Rose Bowl—was already settled. With Minnesota out because it went last January, it would be Wisconsin.

Northwestern's demise was completed by **Michigan State**. Duffy Daugherty countered Northwestern's pro-type offense with a pro-type defense—setting up a four-man front, with big Dave Behrmann (265 pounds) and Ed Budde (250 pounds) at the tackles and backing them with three red-dogging linebackers. They rushed Tom Myers when he tried to pass and broke up his draw play by converging on the ball carrier. George Sarnes and Sherman Lewis swirled through the Wildcat line and, despite four costly fumbles, State won easily 31-7.

Purdue's title hopes were buried by Minnesota's defense, 7-6. For a while the spunky Boilermakers knocked heads on even terms. They even led 6-0 at half time on Skip Ohl's two field goals. But Minnesota's Duane Blaska passed to End Ray Zitzloff for a touchdown, and Collin Versich kicked the winning point. Meanwhile Wisconsin's Lou Holland was having the day of his life against **Illinois**. He slipped past the Illini defenders for three touchdown runs, caught a 16-yard pass from Ron VanderKelen and the Badgers won 35-6. **Iowa**, behind **Michigan** 14-7, eventually won 28-14.

Ohio State, annoyed with its own ineptness, finally came up with an oldtime Buckeye game against **Oregon**. Alternating Fullbacks Dave Francis, Bob Butts and Dave Katterhenrich hammered away relentlessly behind explosive line-blocking. Quarterback Bill Mrukowski rolled out for two scores, and Ohio State won 26-7.

After a couple of years of enforced servitude, **Oklahoma** was back on top in the Big Eight. The ubiquitous Sooners jabbed **Missouri** off balance with a 42-yard screen

continued



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pass on the second play of the game, and Joe Don Looney powered over from the three on the fifth play. After that, the Tigers never got a chance to show their teeth, and Oklahoma won 13–0. But Nebraska, a 14–0 winner over **Oklahoma State**, was waiting to challenge the Sooners for the title and a place in the Orange Bowl.

Kansas inhibited **California**'s passing game early with a four-man rush and, almost before the Bears knew it, Fullback Armand Baughman had bulled the Jayhawkers to a 33–21 win. **Notre Dame** beat **North Carolina** 21–7.

THE EAST

THE TOP THREE: 1. PENN STATE (8-1) 2. DARTMOUTH (8-0) 3. PITT (5-4)

Even with **Penn State** holding a narrow 7–6 lead early in the second quarter, **Holy Cross** rooters squirmed apprehensively. When the expected blockbuster finally landed, there was little left of the brave Crusader defense. It was crunched to bits by Penn State's powerful line thrusts and bushwhacked by Pete Liske's deft passes. The final score: Penn State 48, Holy Cross 20.

Pitt was much less awesome but still good enough to beat fumbling **Army** 7–6. The Panthers scored first, on Bob Roeder's four-yard sweep and Rick Leeson's placement. The Cadets managed to hang on to the ball long enough for Joe Blackgrove to slither over from the three in the third quarter, but Army lost a two-point gamble. Revitalized **Syracuse** turned some more of its whiz-bang sophomore backs loose and, along with senior John Mackey, they led the Orangemen past **George Washington** 35–0.

Unbeaten **Dartmouth** tucked away the Ivy League title but not before **Cornell**'s Gary Wood put the Indians through some of their own torture. He sifted through the usually impeccable Dartmouth defenses for 161 yards. But, in the end, Dartmouth's Billy King prevailed. He ran for three scores, and Dartmouth outlasted the Big Red 28–21. In other Ivy games, **Princeton** overtook **Yale** 14–10; **Harvard** thrashed **Brown** 31–19; **Columbia** beat **Penn** 21–7.

Bowl scouts had their eyes on **Boston College** and **Villanova**. BC (now 7–2) overwhelmed **Boston U.** 45–21 with Quarterback Jack Concannon's four touchdown passes (three to End Jim Whalen), while Villanova (7–2) crushed **Rutgers** 34–12.

THE SOUTHWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. TEXAS (8-0-1) 2. ARKANSAS (8-1) 3. ARIZONA STATE (7-1-1)

No one can accuse **SMU** of partiality. After terrorizing **Texas** two weeks before, the spunky Mustangs made **Arkansas** wait until the fourth quarter to score all of its points in a scared 9–7 win. While Arkansas was having more trouble than expected, **Texas** was having less. Quarterback Tommy Wade spread **TCU**'s secondary enough for Texas'

continued



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running game to roll to a hard 14–0 victory.

Quarterback Randy Kerbow accounted for all Rice points in a 23–3 stomping of Texas A&M. He kicked a 36-yard field goal and two PATs, passed for two touchdowns, ran for a third. Winless Texas Tech, led by End Davis Parks's 98-yard interception return, feasted on hopeless Colorado 21–12.

THE WEST

THE TOP THREE: 1 USC (5-0)
2 WASHINGTON (6-2-1) 3. OREGON (6-2-1)

Obviously distressed by his team's bumbling, USC's Johnny McKay sighed with relief when his unbeaten Trojans shook Navy's Pat Donnelly loose from the ball on the goal line in the closing minutes. Navy's Roger Staubach had played havoc with the usually stern USC defenses and only some fancy footwork by Willie Brown, who skittered 56 yards for a third-period touchdown, saved a 13–6 victory for USC.

"Give Washington the ball inside your own 25," moaned UCLA's Bill Barnes, "and you'd better have a shotgun to stop them." Unfortunately, Barnes's Bruins were fresh out of weapons, and the Husky backs piled up 463 yards on the way to a 30–0 win.

Oregon State's Terry Baker had another one of his remarkable days. He ran and passed for 389 yards against Colorado State, helped End Vern Burke to a new season record for passing yardage (972) and the Beavers won 25–14. Meanwhile Washington State's Hugh Campbell also dipped into the record book as the Cougars beat Idaho 22–14. Campbell snared five passes for 63 yards to tie the three-year mark of 2,274.

All week long Utah State's John Ralston worried about playing Utah in Salt Lake City. He needn't have bothered. The Utes faded fast and State won 19–6. Listless Wyoming, with a chance for the first WAC title, folded like a spent accordion when Brigham Young's injured Eldon Fortie came in to score the tying touchdown. BYU won 14–7, giving the championship to New Mexico, which routed Montana 41–12. END

SATURDAY'S TOUGH ONES

Harvard over Yale. A gray year for the Blues and, anyway, Harvard is stronger up front.

Penn State over Pitt. There are just too many roaring Lions for the on-and-off Panthers.

Miami over Northwestern.* The Wildcats are flat. Miami will win with Mira.

Wisconsin over Minnesota. Nobody cracks the Gopher line. Wisconsin will pass over it.

Nebraska over Oklahoma. Nebraska's backs hit harder and run faster than the Sooners'.

Missouri over Kansas. Mizzou's deadly sweeps will bring down the so-so Jayhawkers.

USC over UCLA. The forceful Trojans will run over UCLA en route to the Rose Bowl.

Stanford over California. Cal's passing isn't enough to overcome its own leaky defense.

Oregon over Oregon State. But the Ducks will have to find a way to stop Terry Baker.

Washington over Washington State. The sinewy Huskies are too tenacious for State.

*Friday night game

OTHER GAMES

AUBURN OVER FLORIDA STATE
DARTMOUTH OVER PRINCETON
MARYLAND OVER VIRGINIA
NOTRE DAME OVER IOWA
OHIO OVER IOWA STATE
OHIO STATE OVER MICHIGAN
CLEMSON OVER SOUTH CAROLINA
SYRACUSE OVER WEST VIRGINIA
TENNESSEE OVER KENTUCKY
TCU OVER RICE

LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS
14 RIGHT, 6 WRONG
SEASON'S RECORD: 112-58-6

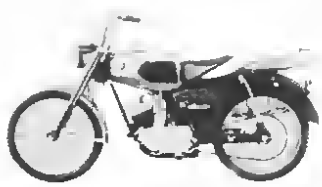


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The 80K embodies the same engineering skill that led Suzuki's entries to decisive victory in the 50 c.c. event at this year's Isle of Man motorcycle derby. Wherever you ride—in the mountains, on open road, in a crowded city, at the seashore—it will serve you long as your favorite companion. See and ride one at your local dealer.

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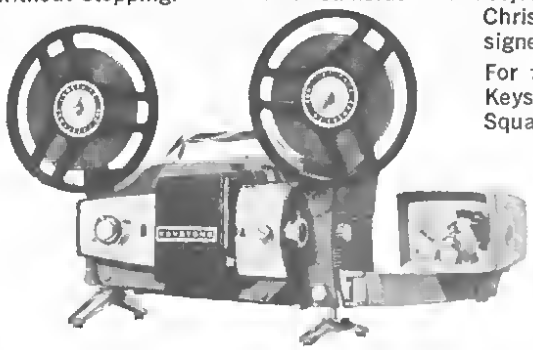
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The Cursed Swamp

Abandoned to terror and mystery for years, the East Coast's Great Dismal Swamp is giving up its secrets as hunters and naturalists find it brimming with life and primeval beauty

by JACK OLSEN



Photographs by Tony Troiano

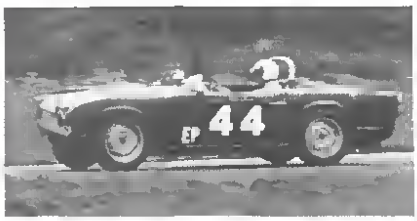
Drivers whirring southward on U.S. 17 come to a stretch of road in southern Virginia where there is no temptation to stop or even to slow down. No matter what the time of day, the road seems to darken along this passage. A canal runs beside the highway; its waters are black and ominous, its banks hung over with heavy stands of willow and maple. Cypress knees huddle along the fringes; waxy-leaved bay bushes shut off the view of the woods beyond, and vines spiral up through Spanish moss until they reach the tops of the trees and meet the parasitical mistletoe, the botanical freeloader of the forest. The canal itself looks so opaque and unpleasant that the visitor finds himself mentally populating it with cottonmouth moccasins and alligators and all the reptilian powers of darkness. The few identifying signs on the right-of-way tell the driver only what he has suspected all along—that he is in an area inhospitable to man, characterized as well as anything by its name: The Great Dismal Swamp. For decades now drivers have reacted by tromping

continued

the new champ

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Here's a partial list of the TR-4's 1962 track victories: Riverside, Marlboro, Thompson, Santa Barbara, Elkhart Lake, Reno, Meadowdale, Pomona, Lime Rock.

If you've been looking for a red-hot sports car—one with a proven record—look at the TR-4, at your local Triumph dealer.

TRIUMPH TR-4

on the gas pedal, eager to be away from a place so funereal and grim, eager to get on down the road a piece to the well-tended gardens where $1 tours are conducted and the water is clear and tinted blue, the way God intended.

This is the driver's loss, the Dismal Swamp of Virginia and North Carolina, almost two-thirds as large as Rhode Island, as wild as Bechuanaland, remains one of the last major repositories of eastern wildlife, both southern and northern varieties, a boggy, watery wilderness full of secrets.

Indeed, man is only now beginning to know the swamp; books are being written about it, studies are being made and each year a few more bold adventurers are swallowing their fear of snakes and bears and bobcats to venture into the dank interior. They find fox fire and screech owls and prothonotary warblers, skinks and wood ducks and timber rattlesnakes, black gum and tupelo trees and bear briers. Sometimes they find just about everything except their way out, and then vast rescue expeditions must be laid on, with the swamp becoming almost diabolical in the tricks it plays to keep the traveler from breaking free. The floor of the swamp is a litter of humus and wet wood and peat; it absorbs and cushions sound, like acoustical tile. Sometimes rescue parties and lost explorers circle around each other for days, never more than a few hundred yards apart but never hearing each other's calls and shots in the deadening forest.

Luckily, most visitors to the swamp have enough sense to stay on the beaten path. The name of the swamp is enough to keep them from wandering into its blackness, and if the name is not enough, there is the grim folklore. Augustine Herrman, an early mapmaker, described the area in 1670 as "Low Suncken Swampy Land not well passable but with great difficulty. And herein harbours Tiggers Bears and other Devouring Creatures." In 1728 Colonel William Byrd II of Virginia was commissioned by the Crown to chart a dividing line between the colonies of North Carolina and Virginia through the swamp. Though he himself barely set foot into the interior, Colonel Byrd waxed unenthusiastic in an early report. "The ground of this swamp," he wrote, "is a mere quagmire, trembling under the feet of those that walk upon it. . . . 'Tis remarkable that, towards the heart of this horrible desart, no beast or bird approaches, nor so much as an insect or reptile. This must happen not so much from the moisture of the soil, as from the everlasting shade occationed by the thick shrubbs and bushes, so that the friendly warmth of the sun can never penetrate them to warm the earth. Nor indeed do any birds fly over it . . . for fear of the noisome exhalations that rise from this vast body of dirt and nastiness." Byrd hung on it the name Dismal Swamp. French visitors, not to be outdone rhetorically, called it the *marais maudit*, the cursed swamp.

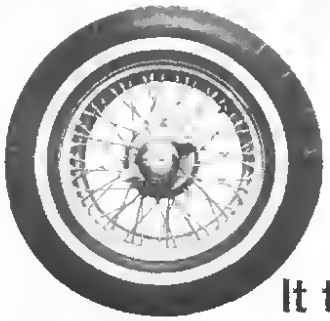
Today natives of its environs are quick to claim that the swamp is neither cursed nor dismal. Professor John Baldwin of The College of William and Mary, a biologist who has organized a massive study of the swamp right down to its tiniest insect, is still capable of feeling anger toward Colonel Byrd for tagging it with such a dreary name. "Colonel Byrd was a liar," Dr. Baldwin says, "and I don't mind if you quote me on that. He was just trying to make the swamp look worse than it really was so he could get more money out of England for the surveying."

It is axiomatic that nothing can bear so depressing an appellation as the Dismal Swamp without attracting the attention of poets and novelists. The Irish poet, Thomas Moore, reportedly sat in a tavern in Norfolk and composed a ballad about a lunatic lover seeking his dead sweetheart in "The Lake of the Dismal Swamp." Sipping and writing, Moore told of "tangled juniper, beds of reeds,/Through many a fen, where serpent feeds,/And never man trod before."

Longfellow was excited by

Dark fens of Dismal Swamp. . . .
Where will-o-wisps and glow worms shine,
In bulrush and brake
Where waving mosses shroud the pine,
And cedar grows and the poisonous vine,
Is spotted like the snake.

continued



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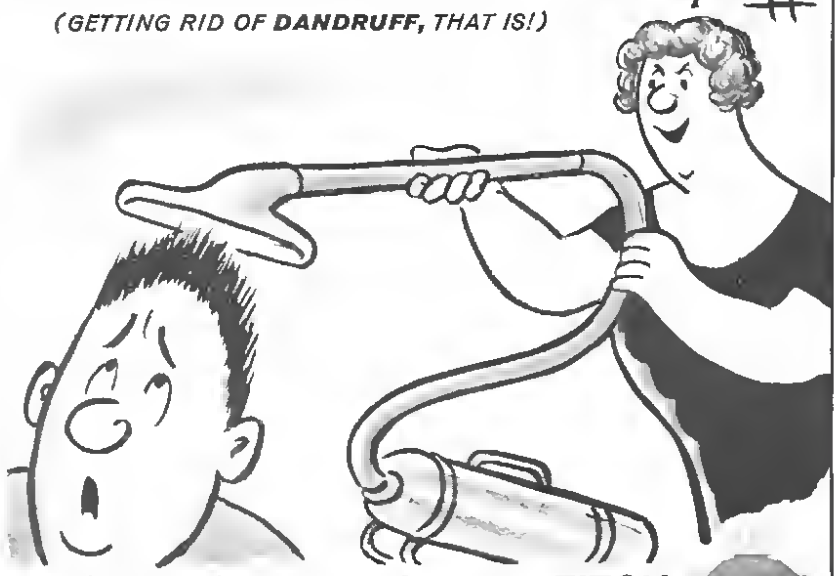
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Cursed Swamp

The fewer the men who went into the swamp, the wilder the tales about it. Harriet Beecher Stowe made it the setting for her novel, *Dred: A Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp*. Runaway slaves added to the mystery by holing up deep in the interior. An enterprising reporter from *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* wrote a description of one in 1856:

". . . I saw a gigantic negro with tattered blanket wrapped around his shoulders and a gun in his hand. His head was bare, and he had little clothing other than a pair of ragged breeches and boots. His hair and beard were tipped with gray, and his purely African features were cast in a mold suggesting the highest degree of strength and energy."

Now the last runaway slave is long forgotten, and the swamp is slowly changing. Independent loggers have come and gone, most of their attempts destined to fail, their efforts memorialized by dozens of abandoned camps, each with its own small mountain of sawdust slowly dissolving into the earth alongside a few old trails. Fires have ravaged the swamp, there is little to do but let them run. They burn down into the peat, scoring long tunnels through the earth, and pop out miles away from their starting points. Sometimes the fires burn for two and three years. When they finally go out, new roots and humus form a crust over the tunnels, and the visitor to the swamp suddenly finds himself up to his waist where the ground had seemed solid.

Such soil looks dark and fertile, and ever since the days of George Washington men have laid grandiose plans for draining Dismal Swamp and converting it into rich farmland. Washington and Patrick Henry were members of a company called Adventurers For Draining The Dismal Swamp. Their slaves dug long ditches into the heart of the swamp and managed to lower the water level and expose some tillable land. But crops either failed to grow or produced weird specimens like stringy cotton with blue and yellow fibers. Washington's own attempts to grow rice failed, and he died with his Dismal Swamp accounts showing a loss. Soil specialists, had they existed, could have told him that the peat

continued

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bogs were formed largely from the droppings of southern white cedar, which lays down an acidic humus suitable mainly for growing more southern white cedar. It is the leachings from this tree, locally called "juniper," which form, along with trees like gum and cypress, the characteristic reddish-black water of the canals and Lake Drummond, "the Lake of Dismal Swamp." Mariners used to collect the water in barrels for long ocean voyages; it never went sour at sea.

Despite the high acid content of the swampland, entrepreneurs still cast covetous glances at it. As recently as a year ago, one such visitor arrived in Suffolk, Va., on the northern rim, to announce plans for converting the swamp into a huge farm of incredible fertility. He told an audience of Suffolk residents that the swamp eventually would have to go anyway, and they might as well start getting some good out of it. "Hmph," said a local lady. "He doesn't seem to know that we love our swamp. Somebody's always saying that the swamp will have to go. Where's it going?"

More enlightened have been the efforts of the Union Bag-Camp Paper Corp., which owns timber rights to some 50,000 acres of the swamp. Union Bag is struggling to make the lumber a paying proposition (it has even considered logging by helicopter or barrage balloon), but its experiments with heavy machinery have failed. The dozers and logging trucks simply broke through the crust of humus and roots and settled into the muck. Now the company has dug maintenance ditches down through the peat to the sandy bottom of the old ocean, and locks control the water level. The sand heaped up alongside the ditches has been smoothed out to make narrow roads, and down these passageways, in small but happy numbers, come the hunters, those who hunt for sights and sounds and those who hunt for game. It would be all but impossible to find another place in the East where both groups of hunters are made so joyous.

M. Dewey Howell Jr., whose family has roamed the area for six generations, took me through the swamp recently. Howell is a gun hunter, but now and then he finds himself, out of an extremely generous nature, escorting bird watchers and animal watchers. "They almost go out of their heads," Howell says in his deep Tidewater accent. "You have a awful time gettin' them back."

Howell, an energetic man who holds down half a dozen jobs in his home town of Suffolk, is no bird watcher ("Any bird that has a little yellow in him, to me he's a wild canary"), but through the years he has become a sort of bird-watcher watcher. Since he sees bird watchers only in the Dismal Swamp, he is under the impression that they are the happiest people on earth. "Just the sight of a prothonotary warbler is enough to set them off," he says. "There's another little bird that specially gets them excited. I wish I could think of the name of it, a little blue bird with a orange head, it's a orange-throated swampbird or something like that. Anyway, when they see this bird I practically have to fight 'em to get 'em to go home."

The high point of Dewey Howell's career as a bird-watcher watcher came a few years ago when he took a group from Wilmington, Del. into the swamp. On the way along the bumpy sand road toward Lake Drummond, Howell told the birders a story. "I saw a osprey come down and take a fish out of the lake and fly up," he said, "and then a eagle run that osprey straight up in the air, up and up, until finally the osprey had to drop the fish, and that old eagle swooped down and caught the fish before it reached the water." Howell could see the looks of disbelief crossing the faces of the bird watchers, and he fell quiet. The group reached the lake, and there was an osprey fishing. "Sure enough," says Howell, "he got a fish out of the lake and here comes this big old bird from across on the west shore. The bird watchers said to me, what's that, and I said that's a eagle, and wouldn't you know that eagle came over and did exactly the same thing to that osprey all over again. Exactly."

Perched on a giant shooting stick in a clearing deep in the swamp, a hunter waits for deer, stirred up by hounds, to come within range.



The secret of Dismal Swamp nature study is silence and immobility. The visitor rests his back against a gum tree and makes himself inconspicuous, and after a while the swamp comes to life. A wood duck flashes into view, all white and blue except for his crest, which is an iridescent purple and green. Along comes an all-blue indigo bunting. A hummingbird flits by; a wild goose thrums overhead, and the warblers fill the woods with music. Sometimes the observer sees a skink, which, as Horace Sutton once pointed out, is not a misspelled skunk but a lizard. In mating season the male skink runs through the brush with his mouth open, charging pell-mell at any other skink he sees. If the other skink reacts aggressively, he is a male, if he runs or remains docile, he is a she, and nature takes its course. Love takes many forms in the Dismal Swamp.

If the visitor stays till nightfall he is likely to see fox fire, a sort of cold light given off by certain fungi on decaying wood. The visitor must be warned of this in advance, else the scientific explanation of fox fire may have to be provided by someone who can run faster than the tenderfoot who has just mistaken it for a ghost of the Dismal Swamp. Harder to explain, indeed impossible to explain, are the reports of white puffs of luminescence coming from the center of Lake Drummond at night. Legend has it that an Indian maid, long deceased, comes out to paddle her ghostly canoe across the lake. Some claim to have seen her, but others argue that the sightings are the product of an excess of white moonshine, another product of the swamp and one noted for its dramatic effects on the optic nerve. It is a documented fact that the Lady of the Lake, as she is called, has never been seen by a teetotaler.

One needs no alcoholic assistance to see the deer of the Dismal Swamp, but even these animals carry out the strange motif of the "horrible desart" by being different. The bucks come big and fat, but their horns are short and oddly formed and sometimes resemble the horns of cattle. Many of the bucks have a single horn, or tiny horns that would look more natural on a chamois. The

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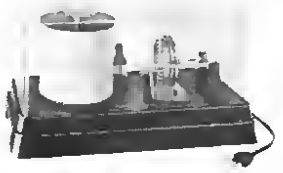
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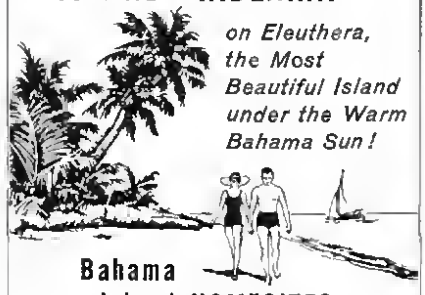
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hunters of the Dismal Swamp say that these deer have been produced by natural selection, that deer with huge spreading racks could not survive in the thickness of the swamp and were quickly culled out by predators. Scientists say that the deer have deformed horns simply because the soil is thin in the mineral content that produces big racks.

Whatever the reason, the deer of the Dismal Swamp are hunted with a vengeance during a special October-November season each year. The enlightened companies now in control of the swamp parcel out the land to clubs—no one else may enter during the season—and each club stands or falls on a single man who handles the hounds. Running deer with hounds is considered a cruel sport by many, but the fact is that in the Dismal Swamp there is simply no other way to hunt them. If hunters stalked deer on their own the scene would soon resemble a Civil War battlefield, with hunters falling into ashpits, sinking into quicksand and wandering off into the deep woods, never to be found again. A huntmaster like Joe Barnes, who spent his boyhood in the swamp, stations his hunters atop poles along a drainage ditch or along a clearing in the woods, then casts the dogs into the swamp near by. The hunter sits—and sits. If he moves from his station, thus coming into range of other hunters, he is likely to find himself booted out of the club. If he is patient enough to sit, sometimes for 10 hours at a stretch, he will see deer. The dogs keep them in all but constant motion.

The deerhounds of Dismal Swamp are carefully bred by the huntmasters, who mix Walker hounds with Plotts and Black and Tans and Triggs and redbones and blueticks. The resulting dogs are schizophrenic combinations of tenderness toward man and malevolence toward deer. Barnes, huntmaster of the Black Cats Hunt Club, has 16 of them, bearing names like Phoebe, Scrawny, Bimbo, Ike, Mike, Red, Rusty, Rusty Jr., Jake and Rattler. Joe Barnes can get rhapsodic about them:

"I love to hear 'em run, I love to hear 'em pack. You take 15, 16 dogs on a deer and if that ain't pretty music. Oh, how they kick it up! They yodel and they roll their voices and the little ones squeal. I can tell every one of my dogs a half a mile away."

The reverse is also true, I discovered. When Joe Barnes gets near his camp along the edge of Lake Drummond and cuts the motor of his boat for the drift in, the dogs begin howling; and when he walks back to their chicken-wire enclosure they set up a din of affection that tries the ears. Sometimes after a long day's hunting one dog will fail to respond to Barnes's fox horn and will remain, lost, in the swamp. On such nights Barnes will sit out in front of his cabin waiting for the dog until dawn. Once one of his dogs was stolen, and Barnes carried out a nine-month search for him. He never found out exactly where the dog was being hidden, but he did learn the approximate location from an informant. "I knew the dog was somewhere on Factory Street in South Suffolk," Barnes says, "and when I found that out, I went right down there with my big pistol and I musta told a dozen kids that my dog was in that neighborhood somewhere and when I found the man who had him I was gonna shoot

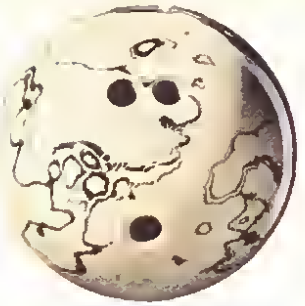


Cheering on his dogs, Dewey Howell pursues them into the swamp until the last disappears.

continued







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him right through the head. That night Big Red was let loose, and I picked him up the next morning. He's half Walker, half bloodhound, and he's out running the deer again."

Dewey Howell runs 58 dogs for the Lady of the Lake and Jack's Hunt clubs and, like Barnes, he knows every dog by name and watches after them like children. On the morning of a hunt Howell stations his hunters in their tree perches in the areas assigned to the two clubs. He goes back to the clubhouse alongside Lake Drummond and loads eight dogs into his boat. Howell steers back across the lake, the dogs whimpering for action, quivering slightly in the early-morning coolness. Thirty feet from shore they start jumping over the side, wade through the muck and take off into the woods. Behind them comes Dewey Howell, transformed now into a one-man cheering section. "Go, White Man!" he cries to one of his dogs. "Get on there, Rock! Oh, Shag!" Shouting at the top of his lungs, he pursues the dogs a quarter of a mile into the swamp. Suddenly the last one has disappeared; still Howell keeps urging them on. The dogs are running far ahead, trying to pick up the scent of a deer that has foraged all night and now lies fast asleep in the woods.

For 10 or 15 minutes the swamp is silent. Then a single bark comes from up ahead. Seconds go by, and there is another bark. Then other dogs join in, and all at once the barks blend into one long cacophony of howling and yodeling. "They on the deer!" Howell shouts. The woods are full of racket, coming from what seems to be all directions, and after a shot rings out Howell translates what happened: "Old Timer started the deer. He was the first one to hit the cold trail of the deer. The other dogs, they sensed that he had already struck, so they didn't follow him. They went on up ahead of him and they got to the hot scent, where the deer had lain all night, ahead of Old Timer. Then the dogs split into two packs. What happened was they must have jumped a buck and a doe that were lying together. One went one way and one went another. Most deer won't do that; they'll run right together. But in Dismal Swamp they always split up. The

continued

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one that ran over toward the ditch, somebody must have shot him."

Howell explains why he shouted at the dogs. "It's exactly like a football game," he says. "They need encouragement. They need to know you're there with 'em, rootin' for 'em. I holler their names and cheer 'em on. They like that."

All day long Howell will make the motorboat trip back to the clubhouse, selecting more dogs and casting them into the woods where hunters are stationed. At the end of the day a fox horn summons the pack home, all but a few who may stay out two or three days or forever. The bane of the huntmaster's existence is the migrating deer, who is merely passing through the Dismal Swamp. If a dog picks up the scent of a migrating deer, he will stay on the trail for miles, and the huntmaster has to scratch one hound from his list.

At the end of the day the hunters reassemble at the clubhouse, there to point with pride or make excuses. There is an ironclad rule of the Dismal Swamp hunt clubs that any hunter who shoots at a deer and misses must have a section of his shirttail cut off and tacked to the wall. "He is welcome to a trial," says Howell, "but it always comes out the same: he loses. We figure he shouldn't be shooting at the deer unless he has a good, clear shot; we don't want a lot of cripples running around. And if he has a good clear shot, he shouldn't miss." Howell recalls one hunter who missed: his late father, Dewey Howell Sr., a dead shot and a man who had spent much of his life hunting deer. "I was so proud when my daddy missed that deer," Howell recalls. "It was a once-in-a-lifetime chance, so I started slicing away at his shirttail. My daddy said, 'Here, let me help you,' and he lifted his shirttail way up and helped me cut it right below the neckline. I said, 'Daddy, how come you so helpful?' and he said, 'Son, I'm wearing your shirt.' "

Presiding over all this, in his capacity as game warden, is a ruddy-faced sandy-haired man named W. Shelton Rountree, who has spent most of his own life in and near the swamp and who has



Warden Shelton Rountree rules swamp with patient firmness, often rounds up lost hunters.

been named Virginia's warden of the year. Rountree rules the hunters with a combination of gentleness and sternness; he never raises his voice, he never bawls anybody out and he never lets anybody off for any infraction whatsoever. Dozens of times he has been routed out of bed in the middle of the night to round up search parties for lost hunters. In 1955 he led a rescue party on a hazardous hunt for a father and son, lost while squirrel hunting. To get more help, he wired the Coast Guard in Norfolk:

> TWO HUNTERS FROM PORTSMOUTH WENT IN DISMAL SWAMP ABOUT SEVEN MILES SOUTHEAST OF SUFFOLK ON THE MORNING OF 12 DECEMBER AND FAILED TO COME OUT OF SWAMP LAST NIGHT.

Within hours, Rountree found himself in charge of 400 men, among them sailors, coast guardsmen, Indian guides, professional hunters, marines and Red Cross workers. It took three days, but the father and son were found, shivering and hungry. Hours before Rountree's men came across them, the father had grown so weary and embittered by the swamp that he had begged his son to shoot him.

Just after dark on another evening, Rountree and a fellow warden went into the swamp looking for poachers. They heard a man approaching, and Rountree

continued

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Who's getting thinner
And fatter.
It's peanuts and chips
That are left in the dips,
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A party's a carpet
With ashes,
A glass that goes crashing
And splashes.
It's cigarette smoke,
The *funniest* joke,
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Of mascara-ed lashes.

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Cursed Swamp *continued*

called out in the direction of the sound. The answer was a load of shot fired into Rountree's left arm. The poacher was found and sentenced to prison two years later, largely because of Rountree's own efforts. Despite the loss of his arm, Rountree does business as usual and even finds time to do a little hunting. But mostly he likes to roam around the swamp, listening to the warblers, pointing out to visitors where a deer has polished his horns against the stump of a tree. "You hear things in there you can't hear anyplace else," he says. "I swear there's no place in the world like our swamp. You go out there at night on Lake Drummond and you make a cry and it just rolls around you. It seems to come from every direction, and then you go into the woods and you hear a hoot owl. That hoot owl is a lonesome, hollerin' dude at night. Every once in a while you'll hear a bear rippin' away at some decayed old tree on the lakeshore, tryin' to get at the bugs. And he'll rip and rip at that tree until it comes down with a crash that just about takes your ears off. And I've seen the fox fire, too, glowing down the road, and I've seen some other lights, too. People say they come from luminous gases coming out of the earth. I've seen them come up and glow there just like the filament on a light bulb, and I would run toward them and they would disappear. I swear there are things in that swamp nobody has ever seen."

Like most of the people in Suffolk and the other towns on the rim of the swamp, Rountree cringes at plans to turn the swamp into a big farm or other ideas for changing it at all. "The plain truth is we admire our swamp," he says, "and we don't want to see it changed."

The change that Rountree dreads is bound to come. A studious British writer, Charles Frederick Stansbury, wrote in 1925, "The time to see the swamp in its primeval loveliness is now and in the very near future, for like all things beautiful it must pass away before the encroaching commercialism of the times." Rountree and Joe Barnes and Dewey Howell and all the wanderers of the Dismal Swamp hope that the change will take forever. **END**



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Here's a man who has it made. He's decided to send SPORTS ILLUSTRATED to some of his best friends this Christmas (and to an old college classmate he hasn't seen for a while, the uncle who took him to his first football game, a neighbor who shoots in the 70s and hasn't missed a homecoming weekend in years). And right now, he's feeling pretty smug about his choice. For SI is about as exciting as a gift can get. It comes brand-new every week of the year...it's packed with good reading, good sport and good times for the whole family. On top of all that, it's a breeze to shop for SI. It takes only a minute to send us your order—and we carefully add the finishing touches (hand-signed gift card, special Holiday Issue). We can even delay billing until after the New Year ($5 each if you order two or more, $6.75 for a single gift). No wonder the SI shopper at left is so pleased with himself. You will be, too—if you send us your list today. Use the postpaid form bound into this magazine or write directly to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Dept. 3560, 540 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois**

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—NBA ST LOUIS beat San Francisco 132–100, then bounced even higher with a big victory over Syracuse 113–107. Bob Pettit and Phil Jordon led the rush in that one with 23 points each, but it was irrepressible John Barnhill's three-point play late in the game that pulled the Hawks decisively ahead. This win, coupled with Boston's 127–109 victory over the Warriors, put the Hawks back on top of the Western Division. Although Wilt Chamberlain hit for a lavish 271 points in five games, the Warriors dropped four and fell into third. Right ahead of them are the pressing Lakers, who moved into second with three wins, two as expected against struggling Chicago (*see page 37*), although Los Angeles couldn't overcome Syracuse, losing 120–98. After a luckless 125–120 loss to mediocre Cincinnati, Syracuse went into first place in the East by beating Boston 113–105 but the St. Louis loss spun them back into second again. Although no one but a few Eighth Avenue regulars seemed to care, New York lost four more in a row.

RUSSIAN NATIONAL TEAM reversed a tour that began with two defeats by rising to two wins, one 68–59 against the AAU All-Stars in Nashville, the other a close 75–71 squeaker over the NAIA All-Stars in Sioux Falls, S. Dak. The top Russian scorer was Center Aleksandr Petrov with a total of 32 points for the two games. The Soviet women again outshot the Nashville Business College team 51–49 and later completely outclassed an Iowa Wesleyan team, 103–50.

BOXING—THE COUNTDOWN for aging Archie Moore looked about over as he was floored three times by brash young Cassius Clay's victorious onslaught in the fourth round of their scheduled 12-round heavyweight match in Los Angeles (*see page 18*). The fight was the 11th in which the undefeated Clay had picked the round in which he would win.

FOOTBALL—NFL GREEN BAY's perimeter of defense tightened hard against the Colts' unexpectedly penetrating attack, coming up with two brilliant goal-line stands as the Packers took their 10th straight, 17–13. Corner Back Herb Adderley raced 103 yards on a kickoff return and punctured a Baltimore threat by intercepting a pass. But the Colts, needled by Johnny Unitas, outplayed the Packers, gaining more yardage than any other team has against them, 187 rushing yards, 193 in the air. The Packers, whose league-leading ground gainer, Jim Taylor, was pinned to only 46 yards, got a scant 87 yards rushing and 29 passing. Detroit won its eighth game at the expense of Minnesota's eighth loss, 17–6, and stayed in second within remote striking distance of Green Bay. Chicago moved into third, thanks to Roger Leclerc's field goal in the last minute, beating the rambunctious Dallas Cowboys 34–33. Quarterback Billy Wade passed for 470 yards, two touchdowns and even scored one himself. Baltimore is fourth, followed by the 49ers who, prodded by John Brodie's two scoring passes, whipped Los Angeles 24–17. The Rams are last, behind Minnesota. Eastern Division Leader New York turned back last-place Philadelphia in a surprisingly close 19–14 contest in rain and snow. Don Chandler, a converted punter, kicked four field goals and veteran Fullback Alex Webster churned through eight gooey yards for a TD. The Redskins lost a close decision to Pittsburgh. Lou Michaels, the league's top field goal kicker, put one across in the final 13 seconds to put the Steelers over, 23–21. But Washington stayed solidly in second, with Pittsburgh third and Cleveland fourth. The Browns ganged up on St. Louis for a 38–14 win, with Fullback Jim Brown scoring four times, and Quarterback Frank Ryan totaling 241 yards passing. Remorsefully unchanged at the losing end of the division are Dallas, fifth, St. Louis, sixth, and the Eagles last.

AFL. HOUSTON took over first place in the Eastern Division from Boston by beating the Patriots 21–17 (*see page 52*). The Patriots also lost Babe Parilli, who broke his collarbone in the second quarter. Dallas strengthened its position at the top of the West with a 24–3 victory over second-place Denver. The Texans stopped the Broncos' passing attack with a bruising defense, while Lenny Dawson found a soft spot in the Broncos' secondary and ripped it open with three scoring passes. Buffalo won a 10–6 victory over the winless Oakland Raiders. Much-injured Jack Kemp, picked up a month ago from San Diego, threw a TD pass in his first appearance for the Bills. New York and San Diego did not play.

GOLF—TONY LEMA, of San Leandro, Calif., treated the seasoned field in the $15,000 Mobile Open like so many weekend duffers as he went ahead by seven strokes on the third day and won by the same huge margin.

HARNESS RACING—DUKE RODNEY ($5.80), a 4-year-old who has had an undistinguished follow-the-leader season, broke through to win the $50,000 American Trotting Classic on the final day of the Hollywood Park meeting. Driver Billy Haughton kept Duke Rodney ahead of fast-closing Silver Song to finish first by a neck.

HOCKEY—NHL. DETROIT took an easy 3–1 game from Boston but lost two tough ones to pressing rivals Chicago (4–2) and Toronto (3–2). The Wings increased their narrow lead over the league, although they were still trailed closely by the strong Chicago team and Toronto. The Hawks, in second, largely because of a revitalized Bobby Hull (he scored twice against the Wings), swept past New York 4–3 (Hull again scored twice) but only tied fourth-place Montreal 1–1. Toronto had blazed to five straight victories before the Rangers upset them 3–1—the Blues have won three of their five from the Leafs. Next-to-last New York has more to be thankful for than Boston, however. The Bruins have a horrendous stretch of 13 winless games.

HORSE RACING—MANUEL YCAZA, the redoubtable Panamanian rider, survived a fall from a stumbling mount in an earlier race, dusted himself off and then got aboard mildly regarded Sensitivo ($13.40) to urge him to victory in the $88,850 Gallant Fox Handicap at Aqueduct. Sensitivo won by a head in a tight four-horse finish.

WILLIE SHOEMAKER all but conceded the race for the year's winning jockey honors. By deciding to rest at home in California until Santa Anita opens after Christmas, the unperturbable Shoemaker (301 winners) left the track clear for bustling Apprentice Ronnie Ferraro (304).

HORSE SHOW—U.S. RIDERS dominated the Toronto show, compiling 29 points to take team honors. The American girls (*see page 26*) did well also, turning in one of their usual sound performances. Mexico and Canada finished behind the Americans, in that order.

MOTOR SPORTS—BRUCE McLAREN, 25, round-faced New Zealand driver and onetime protégé of Australia's world champion, Jack Brabham, beat Brabham in the 122-mile Australian Grand Prix in Perth. Leading in his Cooper Climax, McLaren roared to the finish unchallenged after Brabham's own Repco-Brabham body flew off the chassis.

POCKET BILLIARDS—JIMMY CARAS, 52, balding four-time world champion who pocketed his first title in 1936, met debonair Willie Mosconi, 49, who held the title 13 times before giving it up in 1958, in a 125-point exhibition in New York. Caras beat Mosconi in eight innings. His highest run was 40 as he took the national invitation championship and the winner's purse of $3,500.

SKY DIVING—MAJOR EVGENY N. ANDREYEV of the Soviet Air Force plummeted 15 miles in a free fall, believed to be the world record without a stabilizing (six-foot-wide) chute. Major Andreyev stepped out of the ascent balloon into 78°-below-zero temperature, dropped for four minutes—first on his back while he looked at a "dark purple sky with an orange fringe along the horizon," then face down toward the Volga—at a top speed of 550 mph. He released his parachute when half a mile from the ground.

TRACK & FIELD—LES HEGEDUS covered four muddy, rain-soaked miles in the NCAA College Division Cross-Country Championships in Wheaton, Ill. to beat 146 finishers in the meet-record time of 19:59.1. A music major, Hegedus led his team from Central State in Wilberforce, Ohio, to a second title in the event's five-year history.

MILEPOSTS—SETTLED. The $132,173 breach of contract suit filed by erstwhile boxing impresario Humbert (Jack) Fugazy against Feature Sports Inc., a company controlled by his nephew, Bill Fugazy, and Attorney Roy Cohn (SI, Nov. 12), for an undisclosed sum before the trial proceedings began in a New York court.

SOLD. MILWAUKEE BRAVES by resourceful Owner Lou Perini, 59, who bought the sagging Boston Braves in 1943 and later moved them to Milwaukee where in 10 years he brought them into National League prominence, to a midwest syndicate headed by young businessmen—William C. Bartholomay, 34, of Lake Forest, Ill. and Thomas A. Reynolds Jr., also 34, of Northfield, Ill., both former directors of the Chicago White Sox—for approximately $5.5 million. Perini retained 10% ownership.

TRADED. ZABEG, a 5-year-old Russian horse that raced three times in the Washington, D.C. International—finishing third, fourth, fourth—by the Soviet government to Mrs. Cloyce J. (Liz) Tippett of Llangollen Farm, Upperville, Va. for three of Mrs. Tippett's untried Thoroughbreds, one a 2-year-old, the others yearlings.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

17—Tom Bono | Denver Post, UPI, Neil Jaffe. 51—AP. 52—Walter Iooss Jr. 55—Fred Kaplan, AP. 85—Freudy Photos, Lester Nehamkin, AP.

FACES IN THE CROWD



DOUG HARFORD, stocky halfback for Piper City, Ill. high school, ran for five touchdowns in his final game to bring his season total to 222 points. Playing in only nine games, Harford gained 2,355 yards, and averaged more than 14 yards per carry.



ANNE COGGINS, a recent Sweet Briar College graduate who trains her own hunters, rode one, Black Mike, in the six-furlong Rose Tree Hunt race in Media, Pa. and beat seven other starters to win the Ladies' Plate, her first victory there after three years of trying.



MIKE WALLACE, 21, a Fullerton, Calif. college student, felt the champagne flow after his victory in California's Salton City 500-mile race. Driving a custom-built craft powered by a 406-cubic-inch Ford engine, Wallace beat a field of 73 other boats.



JIM GARRETT, voluble football coach of Susquehanna University (Pa.), relied upon a rugged defense to guide the team to a nine-game undefeated season. Tiny Susquehanna (925 students) now has gone 22 straight games without a loss—the best mark in the country.



DON CHERRY, velvet-voiced nightclub singer and amateur golfer with Walker Cup experience, turned pro and collected $216.66 in his first try, the pro-am before the Cajun Classic. A week later he shot a fine first-nine 31 at Mobile, but finished out of the money.



FRANK CARISSIMI, a Wayne State (Mich.) sophomore, splashed through ankle-deep mud to win his 14th straight four-mile collegiate cross-country race, despite taking two wrong turns that added an extra half-mile to the Cleveland Heights course.

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FIT TO BE TIED

Sirs:

My husband and I agree with Mrs. Richard J. Ross (*An Open Letter to Bud Wilkinson*, Nov. 12) right down to the last comma. As parents of one who can, one who can't and one who can but won't excel in school athletics, we feel that there are acres of room for improvement.

MRS. WILLIAM C. OLSON

Bethesda, Md.

Sirs:

I absolutely refuse to countenance the thought that athletic standards must be lowered so that children who are not as accomplished as others can be accommodated. This is exactly the reverse of what we in this country are trying to teach through athletics. All children don't quit under the strain of competition, moreover, some are inspired even more because their goals mean so much to them.

The real physical problem is the child who is too small and too weak to participate in team sports. Some of these refuse to accept their lack of size and struggle indefinitely—getting nowhere. Others accept their size problems and revert to other sports—individual sports such as swimming, track and field and the like, where the individual is able to compete more successfully in his age group. Usually, these children succeed. Still other children overcome slight builds with speed and adroitness and do quite well with their larger counterparts.

There still remains, however, the child who just quits.

PETER C. XIQUES

Columbia, S.C.

Sirs:

Mrs. Ross blames the adults of today for a soft and flabby younger generation, which is most decidedly a just accusation. However, she implies that of all the adults, the physical education instructors should shoulder the biggest portion of blame. Her generalizations degrade a professional group which is working to fulfill President Kennedy's goal of insuring "that every American child be given the opportunity to make and keep himself physically fit."

The President's Council on Youth Fitness has discovered that kids who have had physical education do better in fitness tests than those who have not. Any dedicated physical educator develops a sound curriculum before organizing even a basic intramural program. And only after a strong intramural program has been established—one in which each student has adequate opportunity for activity—are extramurals or interscholastic sports even considered.

No, Little League is not the answer to the physical fitness problem. Nor is blaming the physical educators a solution. The fitness of today's children will be improved only by a united effort on the part of *all* adults to: 1) insist that each child have a minimum of 30 minutes of activity in school each day, 2) make certain that sound physical education curricula and extensive intramural programs are established before interscholastic schedules, 3) enlarge the summer playground programs where every child who wants to participate has an opportunity and 4) stress the importance of fitness through family activities.

MRS. GAIL FANTA

Evanston, Ill.

Sirs:

It is always "our boy" would have made the team "if." It should be "our boy" is not good enough to make the team. Most of us, even as spectators, are unable to take defeat and, therefore, we surely will find something on which to place the blame, even the weather. President Kennedy never said every child should endeavor to make *the* team, he merely emphasized the indifference of our youth to making *an* team.

We have always been a highly competitive nation, and we are now in an even more competitive world. We must wake up to the fact that we cannot all be winners, but it is still our right to challenge.

GEORGE J. MEYER II

Milwaukee

Sirs:

I realize that Mrs. Ross's letter was addressed to Bud Wilkinson. However, since I am not only a mother of two boys but also the wife of a physical education teacher and a coach, I feel qualified to make a reply and at the same time offer a suggestion or two.

There are many injustices in our competitive system, but to blame this system for the inability of one fourth of our youth to pass the very minimum of physical fitness tests is ridiculous. The main reason that our physical education program has failed is the lack of interest and support on the part of parents and educators.

We do not have to make a choice between a few champions and a nation of healthy, fit citizens. We have to institute a program that will actually educate the physical body,

teaching specific exercises and skills, getting gradually more difficult from the first grade through high school. Those children who are unable to do the required work should be given remedial instruction by specialists in cooperation with physicians.

Since children are competitive by nature, some competition won't hurt them. The goal of excellence in our schooling, whether academic or physical, is a noble one. Though many fail it isn't necessary for normal, healthy children to "withdraw ashamed and embarrassed," as long as they have done their best.

If a man has no more self-control than to break a putter when he doesn't win, it is not golf that is at fault.

My boys have been fortunate in being born physically strong. However, we have seen that they have adequate exercise, walking or riding bikes to school, swimming and playing what comes naturally. We are delighted that a very rigid physical education program has been undertaken in the school and when our youngest comes home complaining of soreness in abdominal muscles from the sit-ups he had to do, we simply tell him to do a little more the day after, let him soak in a tub of warm water, and in a week or so all soreness is gone and he can go on to more strenuous endeavor. The same thing applies when he comes in with an arithmetic problem that is more than he feels he can cope with.

When the time comes that a boy wants to try out for a team, then he will learn the lessons that participation teaches. These lessons are as important to his development as most others in his schooling. They are additional lessons in patience, hard work and fair play. If he discovers that even with teaching and practice he doesn't measure up to what is needed to win, then he has learned another lesson, that each of us has his limitations, mental and physical.

Now, if you want to debate the morality of proselytizing and the virtue of the semi-professional athletic system that prevails in our colleges, that's a different story. However, the two—physical education for fitness and varsity sports—are different fields and must be argued separately.

MRS J. W. BEGALA

Kent, Ohio

Sirs:

I read Mrs Ross's *Open Letter* with a great deal of personal and professional satisfaction. To hear a mother make these statements is all we in the YMCA need to feel we are on the right track.

Not much has been said publicly about the Y's answer to the President's report on youth fitness. But the program is there—and it's working—and in the manner in which Mrs. Ross described.

The Y makes no distinction between the left-footed and right-footed teams or players. Every boy (and every girl in most cases)

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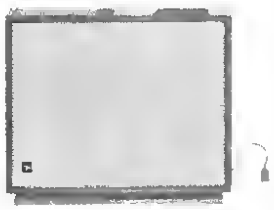
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WILLIAM L. BLAIR

Anniston, Ala.

MARK'S MARKETS

Sirs:

Roy Terrell's article on Mark McCormack, *The Biggest Golf Hustler of Them All* (Nov. 12), is one of the finest *fiction* stories I've read in some time.

"Arnold Palmer is the best example of what McCormack hath wrought." What a stupid statement! What rot!

In the year of 1962 any idiot could "sell" Arnold Palmer, Gary Player and Jack Nicklaus. That's tantamount to selling space heaters in Alaska in December, air-conditioning units in Arizona in July or door keys in Sing Sing at any time.

The true test of the young attorney "with the expression of an indignant owl" will come when golf's three "golden boys" of 1962 turn back into base metal, as they must and will.

H. W. BUTTERFIELD

Tampa

Sirs:

Mark Hume McCormack graduated in 1947 from Chicago's Harvard School for Boys, at which time I was a sophomore at the same institution. The '47 class log refers to McCormack as "Probably Will Be: Basketball Pro" which seems odd due to the fact that he was captain of the golf team but never played varsity basketball. It only goes to prove that the prognostications of class-log compilers are at least as fallible as those of sportswriters.

I make no claim of being a bosom chum of McCormack's, but I knew him slightly and remember him as a reasonably likable sort. However, being a disgustingly truthful and revoltingly all-too-human individual, I must confess that reading of Mark's awesomely enormous and unbelievably rapid financial success caused my indigent bones to quiver with fierce pangs of envy. For, as Somerset Maugham once shrewdly observed, "One likes to see one's friends get ahead—but not out of sight."

JAMES M. MORAN

Chicago

Sirs:

Why don't you change your name to *Sports Incorporated*?

The three lead stories in your Nov. 12 issue (*The Underdogs Have Made It*, *Seesaw over Boxing's Snakepit* and *Biggest Golf Hustler of Them All*) dealt not with sport but with finance.

Maybe this is the spirit of American sports. I hate to think so.

J. B. JACKSON JR.

Richmond, Va.



THE HEAVY SNOWFALL MADE A MESS OF THE FIELD AND THE PLAYERS AS PRINCETON MOVED TO A LAST PERIOD TOUCHDOWN

Will the Real 'Twelfth Man' Stand Up?

There have been several claimants to the honor, but no one really knows who leaped out of the stands and played briefly for Dartmouth in its 1935 game with Princeton **by MARY ANN GOULD**

It didn't matter that it was a freezing, windy, snowy day. The 56,000 people who squeezed into Princeton's Palmer Stadium on November 23, 1935 had come prepared—with car blankets, coonskin coats, pocket flasks and fiery enthusiasm—to see Dartmouth's undefeated football team face Fritz Crisler's virtually unbeatable eleven. Princeton had been downed only once in the past three seasons, in a 7–0 upset by Yale in 1934, and was heavily favored to win that day against Dartmouth. But Dartmouth, led by a strong line, had already beaten Brown, Harvard, Yale and Cornell, and the fans were ready for a real battle.

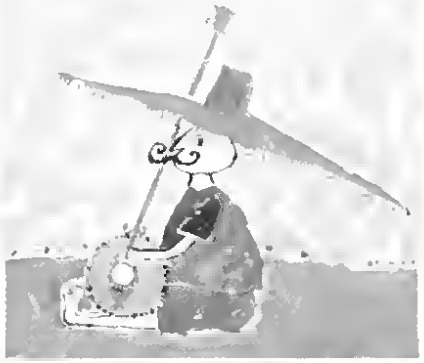
Dartmouth scored the first touchdown, but the conversion failed and Princeton went on almost immediately to make seven points. From then on, the Tigers took charge and outplayed Dartmouth in every way. The snowfall became so heavy that by the fourth period the yard lines were completely covered, and the referee had to scrape away the snow to measure the yardage, most of which was made by the Princeton team.

Late in the last quarter, with Princeton leading 19–6 and in possession of the ball on Dartmouth's six-yard line, the Indians made their last stand. They held Princeton to three yards on two rushes. Just before the ball was snapped on the third down, a spectator jumped from the stands, sprinted across the end zone and joined the Dartmouth line, before officials could stop either him or the play. The Tigers made two more yards anyway, putting the ball on the one-yard line. Police hurried up and removed the mystery defender and play resumed as if nothing had happened. Princeton plowed over the goal line on the fourth down and won the game 26–6.

Who was the brave fan who had lined up with Dartmouth in its final defensive stand? Dave Camerer, Dartmouth's left tackle that day, said recently: "He stumbled into our line between Joe Handrahan and me. He roared, 'Kill them Princeton bastards!' and with that he lunged across the scrimmage line—the ball hadn't even been snapped—and piled into the close-up man and fell on his face. That whole Princeton line manhandled the poor slob unmercifully until the cops collared him and dragged him off, his toes dragging a trail in the snow. I was truly sorry to see him leave. The way they were ripping through us we needed all the help we could get."

The police had dispensed with the intruder so quickly—and the game ended so soon after the incident—that Dartmouth's Twelfth Man, as he came to be called, simply vanished in the general

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confusion When the Sunday sports pages mentioned him in the game's play-by-play, letters from curious readers began pouring into the newspaper offices An unsuccessful search was made for him in Princeton, Dartmouth couldn't claim (or at least couldn't find) him and reporters were baffled On the following Tuesday the *New York Herald Tribune*'s Stanley Woodward said in his column that, although the hunt was continuing, it seemed that Dartmouth's volunteer "was an orphan without intercollegiate affiliations, mother, father, country or home." Woodward said he personally had "great admiration for any man so courageous as to willfully place himself in the way of that Princeton team. As I see it, he deserves more than the unclaimed notoriety he is getting and the solid kick in the trousers he got from Weller, of Princeton."

That day a claimant was found He was Michael Mesco, a short-order cook at a diner in Rahway, N.J. Nobody seems to have asked him why he held his secret for three days, or why he decided to confess when he did. The mystery of the Twelfth Man was solved, in the person of a somewhat shy, unpretentious young man who hated Princeton's football teams. Although he had never been to college and had played football himself only in grammar school, Mike despised "the Princetons, the sissies" and rooted violently for any team they played. The previous Saturday he had been sitting in the end zone with his best friend, John Mulrooney, who happened to be an ardent Princeton fan. "We were drinking some kind of rye and I had maybe 15 or 20 shots," Mesco said "I took a little shot and said I'd be darned if Princeton was going to score again. My friend John wanted to know what I could do to hold them. I said, 'I guess I'll have to give Dartmouth a little help.' So I took another little shot and that was it Out I went, and that's about all I remember until the cops escorted me off the field."

Overnight Rahway, N J. was on the map and a hashslinger was a national figure. Princeton was playing Yale at New Haven, Conn. the next Saturday, in the Tigers' last game of the season, and a group from the New York Yale Club insisted that Mike Mesco be their guest of honor at the game. Perhaps he could provide the spark Yale needed to repeat its 1934 upset over Princeton. They were even cordial enough to include John Mulrooney in the invitation, at Mike's request.

On Saturday morning, just before the Yale Special train was due to pull out of Grand Central Station, Mike was confronted with a startling challenge from a reporter; was he the Twelfth Man or merely a pretender? Mesco was then told that George (Guzzie) Larsen, an architect from Cranford, N J., had admitted



COUNTERMAN Mike Mesco gained brief fame when he "admitted" he was the Twelfth Man

joining the Dartmouth lineup the previous Saturday. He said a friend had revealed his secret, kept because he feared the loss of his job if his exploit became known "Mesco's all wet," Larsen had said. "Anybody who was at Palmer Stadium knows the man who jumped to the field wore a short coat with many autographs in large black letters on it. I understand Mesco wears a long coat. I was in section 15, about midway up, and got excited and ran on the field because Dartmouth was taking it on the chin and I always feel sorry for the underdog I'd like to forget it The publicity will do me no good. Let Mesco have all the fame."

Hearing the details of the claim, Mesco replied weakly but with equal gallantry, "Well, if this Larsen guy wants to grab the glory, O.K. with me. I really don't remember what happened last week. I was against the Princetons and maybe I went on the field and maybe I didn't. I don't remember."

continued

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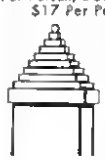
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The Yale Special pulled out with Mike Mesco aboard, and was met in New Haven by a brass band that escorted the group to the Yale Bowl. But Mike seemed in low spirits and sat subdued as Princeton rolled over Yale, 38–7. Many others tried to stand in for him, falling halfway out of the stands, attempting to dash past the officials onto the field and breaking up the goal posts before the game's end, but Mesco, perhaps shy, perhaps chastened by news of Larsen's claim, or perhaps ironically aware of his expected role, was passive.

Still the Yale alumni made a fuss over him, and at half time he was awarded a varsity D for his performance with Dartmouth. He didn't win his Y but did return to New York on the Special and attended the losers' party at the Yale Club. Here his spirits revived and he regained his assurance. He told a reporter, "Yes, Larsen is welcome to the headlines if he wants them. Me, I'm going back to my counter. Just the same, I was the man who went on the field last week. No, I don't remember, but my friend John here says I did and John had his head clear and I know he knows what he's talking about. I guess I was the guy, eh John?"

John Mulrooney affirmed, "Larsen doesn't know what he's talking about. I was alongside Mike. I held him back three or four times, but finally he broke away from me and got into the game. What they did about getting him off the field is nobody's business. They gave him plenty of rush."

Mike Mesco did return to his counter, leaving behind an enigma. Guzzie Larsen's story had seemed plausible, but his "proof" proved unprovable—the snow was so thick at the game that no single first hand report on the appearance of the Twelfth Man's coat agreed with another (no one could remember seeing "autographs in large black letters" on it, however). The Associated Press year-end poll of sportswriters made the event the No. 1 oddity of the year, surpassing Gene Sarazen's Augusta double eagle by 29 votes to seven. But the AP story discounted Mesco as the Twelfth Man, recalling his confused remarks the day of the Yale-Princeton game.

No one else threw his hat—or his coat—into the ring. Maybe the real Twelfth Man preferred to remain in obscurity. Or maybe he, like Mike Mesco, doesn't really remember. **END**



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The fact that those you give it to were hoping all along to get it! For Canadian Club is the world's most wanted gift whisky.

How do we know? People have told us. *On* the record. And its popularity is so richly deserved. No other whisky in the world tastes quite like it.

No other whisky in the world is so welcome—whether your gift is a fifth or a quart or a case. And in many states, you can buy Canadian Club in the spectacular *gallon* bottle!

In *any* bottle. Canadian Club is a pleasure to give and to get.



The World's Most Wanted Gift Whisky

Canadian Club

6 YEARS OLD IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC DETROIT MICH 86 8 PROOF BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY



you get Lots More from L&M

more body in the blend

more flavor in the smoke

more taste through the filter

It's the rich-flavor leaf that does it!



There's more rich-flavor leaf among L&M's choice tobaccos–actually more longer-aged, extra-cured leaf than even in some unfiltered cigarettes. And L&M's filter is the modern filter — *all white* inside and outside — so only pure white touches your lips. Get Lots More from L&M— *the filter cigarette for people who really like to smoke.*